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The SOUTHERN Magazine

Mid-Winter Number

January 1935

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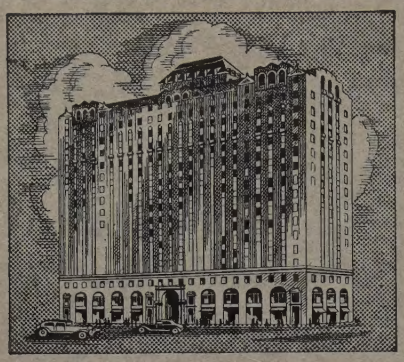

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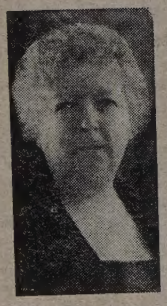
"US"

By

KATE MAYHEW SPEAKE PENNEY
Of Birmingham, Ala.



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In this first issue of 1935, the owners of The Southern Magazine, Wytheville, Virginia, wish to thank the subscribers and patrons for their liberal support in the past year and express their hope that the future will merit even greater recognition of the purpose and endeavor of The Southern Magazine to present the history of the South, much of which has remained dormant through the years. Facts, which pertain not only to the past but to the present, will be stressed. The word "History" incorporates as the Magazine defines it, subjects as new as tomorrow or as old as the beginning. It covers every phase of life and, every effort, every success, every triumph for southern betterment and progress, and will use such material for general educational diffusion, throughout the entire country.

* * * *

This publication will be one year old in March. We will turn then into Vol. II, No. 1. We trust all of our subscribers will remain our friends through another year.

February issue will be devoted to George Washington and his cabinet. It will contain an unusual article on the actions of the Second Continental Congress and their famous "Lottery" by which they expected to maintain the government. March will be devoted to the delightfully interesting state of Louisiana.

* * * *

Each Division President or Publicity chairman is cordially invited to send in "News Items" from their Divisions. They are always welcome.

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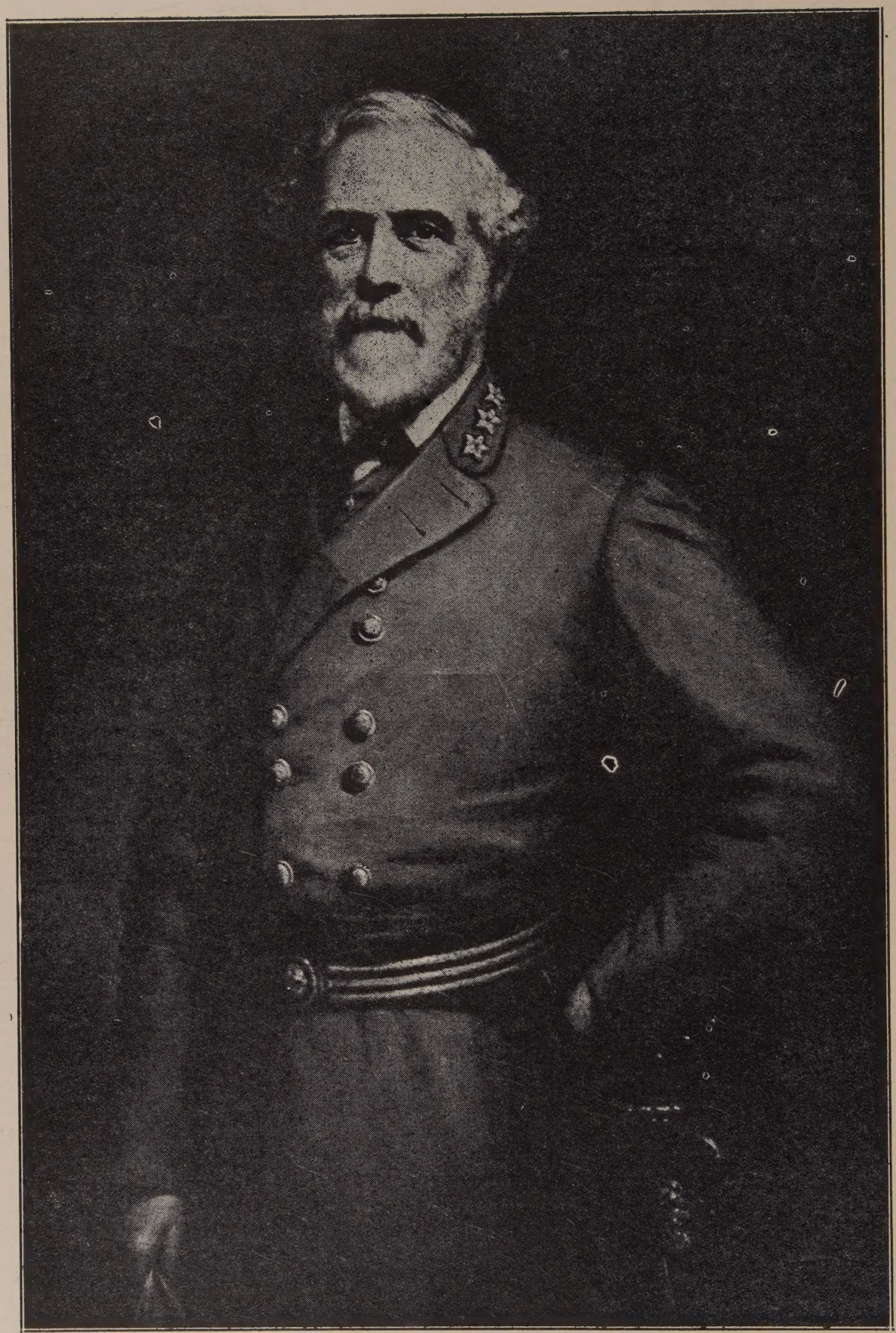

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

The Man In Gray

By JOHN E. HOBEIKA

WHEN we begin to study the relationship of Lee with the Confederacy and its property of resources and unpreparedness for war, we shall at once discover the difficulties and extensive danger confronting Lee. The problems of the Confederacy were a very intricate nature and required leadership of the most extraordinary sort. "Lee was among the few who saw from the very first that the war would be long", and that the contest would be fiercely fought on both sides and that each section would exhaust its resources before the end. "Like the king of old," says Maurice "he had first to sit down and consider, 'whether he would be able with ten thousand men to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand'. That is no unfair comparison of the general resources of the Union and the Confederacy." In fact the odds against the South were even greater, for the ratio in population was three to one. For enumerating certain of the existing conditions and powers of both sections, we would find that the North had everything which a nation would desire and need for war. It had a long and firmly established government with open and well charted avenues of commerce, and a prestige abroad which enabled it to fill its war chest with material and munitions. The North's naval power was capable of blockading the entire Southern coast and harassing their few ships thus destroying the South's hopes of maintaining relations with the outside world. There was a vast difference in population aside from the fact that almost one-third of the Southern population were negroes and the people were widely scattered with poor lines of communications. This gave the North a strong combination of forces and resources which were preponderant and almost inexhaustible. Besides, it possessed the very latest weapons of war, plus scientific advantages, such as telegraphic communication on battle fields. In fact, every desired advantage which a government could desire in war, the North possessed, and possessed in abundance.

"It is of course beyond dispute that in natural resources, and above all at sea, the North was vastly superior to the South, and Lee's immediate task was to consider how that superiority could be countered." But irrespective of its resources, however, of the multiplicy of its troops, of the preponderance of its resources, the North lacked the genius of generalship. "The generalship of the Union was far inferior" says Wells. "Especially at the outset of the war, the North had no such single commander to lead with confidence and unerring judgment and purpose its arms, or who could bring on the field masses of trained men inured to fighting," asserts Adam. He further states with emphasis, "The North had no such array of fighting generals, skilful tacticians, and strong sagacious leaders as the South had in Lee, J. E. and A. S. Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Beauregard, Bragg, Hood and Early, who proved themselves foes it was folly to underrate." It seems that Mr. Adam failed to include one of the most daring of the leaders, J. E. B. Stuart, for whose admission no apology is due. It is peculiar, however, that the only wealth the South possessed was the outstanding greatness of its leadership—an inherent fact. It is a coincidence, however true, that all writers seem unhesitatingly to agree as to the South's superiority of generalship, and it would not be inappropriate here to quote the testimony of Mr. Hergesheimer, of Pennsylvania: "The North and the South, where the ranks were concerned, fought with an equal and persistent and splendid resolve; but the captains of the South were more notable·· more able and flaming than those of the Union. The South almost won because of its commanders; the North was victorious because of the multiplication of its troops, (by its enlisting Southern negroes and subsidizing foreign soldiers). Material resources brought about the fall of the Confederacy; it was upheld through the brief period of its being by an immaterial a transcendent power." But what little it possessed, it organized and made tremendously effective. The Confederate Government made itself felt at sea in a way that surprised the world. It built up a better ordinance department than the one possessed by the Federal Government. In the administration of the Post-office department the receipts exceeded the expenditures and it is absurd to suppose that the vast armies of the Confederacy could have been maintained in the field without a great deal of success in supplying its manifold requirements.

Perhaps the resources of the South were greater than is generally supposed. In food stuff she exceeded the North and the armies would never known starvation, had it not been for the blockade

and the breakdown of the railroads. General Lee said of President Davis that "Few men could have done as well and none could have done better".

Of course among its great features was its army. This army was a truly American army, fired with the spirit of liberty. It possessed a combination of unusual qualities, ardor for a devout cause; it was a zealous, conscientious, and intelligent force. Though small, it was at once brilliant and energetic. The well disciplined armies of the South were unyielding, willing to suffer privations, hardships and fatigue,—and that they did with a fierce and indomitable courage. "The Confederates, out-numbered and far poorer in resources, fought under a general of supreme ability, General Lee". The success, therefore, of the South, which at the beginning of the war marked its distinction and distinguished its leaders, was due to the transcendent qualities of its armies, and the great gift of its generalship.

Certainly, this does not tend to convey that the Northern army was not an army of great courage, and of an outstanding and excellent worth. Indeed, it was an army of great ability and remarkable mechanism. It proved its great mettle on almost every occasion, irrespective of its mixture. The officers at its head were men of the very greatest possible abilities, and of well grounded experience.

With the Man in Gray and his abilities we are most concerned in this article. Therefore, I feel no reluctance in quoting from his biographers the opinions which I most heartily share. Since we cannot attribute to the South any material power, we must therefore, find some other reason for its ability in carrying on the war for four years, only to be defeated by the preponderance of material resources of its enemies and by the extreme lack by it of that very same material. Then how is it that the South was capable of operating successfully for four years?

The answer is not difficult to find. "In General Lee," says Mr. Adam "the Southern cause had a commander capable of fighting a battle on a large scale, and who, as an engineer officer of great experience and astuteness, possessed a trained eye for adequate preliminary reconnaissance, and for every coign of vantage in the field, and at the same time had phenomenal personal qualities that gave him pre-eminence among the leaders of the South, while they removed him far above self-seeking petty jealousy, and fretfulness as to his rank, station or right to be where he was and remained throughout the war." He possessed the confidence of the people and the government," Mr. Davis said, "He possessed my unqualified confidence, both as a soldier and a patriot." The only time that he ever inquired into the matter of rank was when he was chosen to go to the Southeastern coast to build fortifications. "When about to go," says Mr. Davis, "into other States and meet officers with whom he had been previously connected, he would like to be informed upon the point. Under recent laws authorizing appointments to higher grades than that of his first commission, he had been appointed a full general, but so wholly had his heart and his mind been consecrated to the public service, that he had not remembered, if he ever knew, of his advancement," In fact, we find that "his spirit of loyal subserviency.....his entire lack of military ambition or self-seeking tendencies; his power of winning the good will of all with whom he was thrown....the quiet dignity and charm of his manner, the spontaneous tactfulness of his acts and words....the palpable integrity of his motives" gave him that pre-eminence which to-day causes him to stand forth among the great generals of all time. No truer statement could be made, for he was completely the whole-hearted supporter of the Confederate Government. "Indeed but one ambition moved him, namely, to perform the work before him thoroughly and permanently." His was no adventure, his was no desire to enter the splendor of battle and win magnificent victories....nor to astound the world with the art of war. His was the adventure for humanity's sake, and for the noble principles laid down by his forefathers. His was the splendor of duty, the magnificence of righting a wrong. He did not care to become spectacular or to astonish the world, yet in spite of all this, he became a national figure with all the appreciation that man can bestow upon man.

"In action faithful and in honor clean
Who broke no promise, served no private end"

When we begin to measure the resources at the command of Lee, only then and there shall we realize his individual greatness and extrordinary personal abilities. When he assumed command of the military forces of the Army of Northern Virginia, in fact, previous to that, while he was chief advisor to the President, Lee saw the numerous avenues by which the enemy could descend upon Richmond. He writes to his wife;" The points from which we can be attacked are numerous and their means are unlimited. So we must always be on the alert....it is difficult to get our people, unaccustomed to the necessities of war, to comprehend and promptly execute the measures required for the occasion." We can see from this the unusual difficulties that Lee was compelled to encounter. Besides contending with the situation on the front he had to solve other problems of the Confederacy. How were the people to be awakened to the full

realization of the trials of the war? There were many of the official heads of the Government including the President, who believed that they could obtain aid from foreign countries. However, General Alexander says that Lee told him that he "never believed that we could get foreign assistance, or get our liberty otherwise than by our own arms."

Upon the wounding of Johnston, General Lee, by appointment of the President, "took immediate command, and thenceforward directed the movements of the army in front of Richmond. Laborious and exact details, he was vigilant and comprehensive in grand strategy, a power with which the public had not credited him, soon became manifest in all that makes an army a rapid, accurate, compact machine, with responsive motion in all its parts." It may be here remarked as to the confidence with which Lee entered upon his new post; he was not only confident of his own abilities but felt deeply conscious of Mr. Davis' faith in him and his personal affection and esteem. "Davis never wavered in his support of Lee....while Lee was consistently loyal to the President, and there is no word of criticism of the statesman to be found throughout the soldier's correspondence." Whatever impression there may have been on the public mind or whatever may be the opinion of the numerous biographers of Davis and Lee, one thing is certain, they worked in absolute harmony and in unison for the welfare of the Confederacy and its cause. Lee appreciated Davis and Davis appreciated Lee. While there were some differences of opinion there never was any vital misunderstanding. "The Confederate President had for a statesman," says Maurice, "an unusual degree of military experience." Aside from being a "West Pointer" he had served both in the United States infantry and dragoons. When the Mexican war broke out he volunteered for the service and became Colonel of a Mississippi regiment, while he was Secretary of War in Mr. Pierce's administration." While Lee on the contrary, had an unusual understanding for a soldier of the duties of a statesman and the political problems of the nation. "There is nothing in his generalship which is more striking than the manner in which he grasped the problems of the Confederacy, and without ever intruding into the sphere of the statesman, and adopted his strategy both to the cause for which the South was fighting and to the major political conditions of the time."

It is peculiar to note that General Lee never even felt any personal concern for himself, nor at any time displayed the least signs of fear. When a reconnaissance party failed to bring him reliable information, he, disregarding hardships and danger, went in person to find out what he wished to know. "I remonstrated with General Lee, whom I met returning from his reconnaissance, on account of the exposure to which he had subjected himself. He said he could not get the required information otherwise, and, therefore, he had gone himself", says Davis, who further adds: "General Lee was not a man of hesitation, and they have mistaken his character who suppose caution was his vice. He was prone to attack, and not slow to press an advantage when he had gained it." In supporting these words of Mr. Davis it is not inappropriate here to quote Mr. Andrews: "A remarkable trait of General Lee's military character was his tireless and irresistible energy. While one whom he deemed a foe of his State remained on her soil, he could not rest. From the moment he took command of the Army of Northern Virginia, all was action in that army. During the nine weeks after A. P. Hill struck Mechanicsville that earthquake shock, how did not the war map change: Richmond was set free; Washington was threatened. Lee whipped McClellan before Pope could help. The first evening at Gettysburg, Longstreet having impressively pointed out the strength of Meade's position on Cemetery Hill, Lee instantly replied, 'If he is there in the morning I shall attack him'. The second morning of the Wilderness battle, Grant, obviously expecting to anticipate all movement upon the other side, ordered his army to charge at five o'clock, Lee charged at half past four. Grant was determined to reach Spottsylvania first, but there too, Lee awaited him, having had some hours to rest. Prostrate and half-delirious in his tent one day during Grant's efforts to flank him, Lee kept murmuring: 'We must strike them; we must not let them pass without striking them.' Longstreet was too slow for him, and so even the ever ready A. P. Hill."

I search in vain for a finer intellect, for a more balanced sagacity in military letters, than his. He was gallant, energetic, and swift in attack. He was ready, tempered, and keen in defense. No commander possessed greater or more abundant personal resources than he, or had better or more skillful tools than his; the rapid deftness of his strokes and counterstrokes in battle, the lynx eye that solicited and conteracted every assault, his boldness in countermanding orders on the field and in the heat of battles, and with his "cat-like agility" striking a deadly blow so as to baffle his opponent, crush him with defeat, demoralizing his spirit. His intuition, which was well-nigh perfect, helped him to surmount every difficulty; if in dire danger to extricate himself, if to be attacked, he was ably prepared for the onslaught, if to attack, when,

where, and how. He read his antagonists like a book and moved upon them like a thunderbolt. Behind his lines and breastworks lay an army that was ready to serve him with all its might, displaying implicit confidence in his power and ability. It became a perfect human machine in whose bosom pulsated his very glory, and whose heart palpitated with joy at his appearance and shrunk in defiance at his persistence in personally leading an attack. He was consuming fire. "There was as much fire in Lee as there was in Washington," says Woodrow Wilson, and adds, "whenever General Lee was in the field no one dared cross him no one dared neglect his orders, no one dared exercise a dangerous discretion in the carrying out of commands. There would flare up in the man a consuming fire of danger; those who were in his presence felt it was dangerous so much as to breathe naturally until it passed." The battle of Antietam is a perfect illustration of this. He became just as firm, just as resolute, just as indestructible as Gibraltar. "There was something of the tiger in this man when his purpose was aroused in action. It would immediately recede; quiet gentleness would come again, that perfect poise, that delightful sense of ease as he moved from one purpose to another, but you would not forget that moment of exposed fire; you would know that you had been in the presence of consuming force."

We can no better illustrate Mr. Wilson's statement than by what Colonel Walter H. Taylor, of General Lee's staff, has to say: "On one occasion." says he, "when an audience had not been asked of him for several days, it became necessary to have one. The few papers requiring his action were submitted. He was not in a very pleasant mood; something irritated him, and he manifested his Ill humor by a little nervous twist or jerk of the neck and head peculiar to himself, accompanied by some harshness of manner. This was perceived by me, and I hastily concluded that my efforts to save him annoyance were not appreciated. In disposing of some cases of a vexatious character, matters reached a climax; he became really worried, and, forgetting what was due to my superior, I petulantly threw the papers down at my side and gave evident signs of anger. Then in a perfectly calm and measured tone of voice he said: 'Colonel Taylor, when I lose my temper, don't you let it make you angry.' However, he immediately atoned for his action in the most delicate manner." Here can be seen, lying hidden, a certain inexpressible subtle charm in his personality, and in the soberness of his wisdom, which doubtless was peculiarly interesting, and somewhat enigmatic. Yet in the face of genius, one might as well ask one's self,---what can skilled men do, or peerless generalship accomplish against such heavy odds, particularly, as we stated before, when the Confederacy lacked all the very necessary tools of war, except stout-hearted fighters of the first class, vigilant, resolute, and persisting? Still this small force was powerless in the face of its extensive line for defense, and the overwhelming resources and preponderant numbers arrayed against it.

It will not be inappropriate here to quote Edmund Flagg's beautiful description of the final capitulation of the city of Venice, "The proud Queen of the Adriatic," which is a most fitting depiction of the South,—"the deep South" conditions and the chivalrous stand of her heroic inhabitants who were "abandoned, well-nigh forgotten—shut out from all the world—menaced by famine—true to her historic glory—continued to signalize a resistance—against the best artillery Christendom had ever known, maintained a proud defiance to a foe infinitely her superior in power and aided by discoveries of science and inventions of art, the triumph and the miracle of the military engineering of modern times—yielded, but step by step, and finally capitulated, not to the extraordinary arts and arms, nor to the admitted prowess of her mighty foe,—but capitulated to famine,—to the utter destitution of food, even of the basest sort, and even for a single day—capitulated to an utter destitution of munitions of defense, or the means of providing them,—capitulated to the ravages of pestilence which daily and nightly scourged her armies in the field, thinned their ranks, and brought about its final capitulation." Therefore, it will not be exaggerating to pay all the honor,—the "Honor to her brave defenders—to her gallant General-in-Chief—to her long-suffering, ever enduring, never yielding nor revolting population—to her intrepid sons—who, like water, poured out their hearts' blood on the batteries of her defense—to her high-souled, patriotic, and persevering, willing and amiable womanhood."

So long as "the name of Liberty is dear," so long will sympathy for her unmerited fate, and admiration of her noble struggle, and denunciation of her despotic oppressor swell every heart.

Still the voice of Liberty could be heard even now, as it reverberated in their hearts and its music came pulsating within their very souls and being—finally played them havoc upon the symphony of time, and doomed to history the epilogue of their fate—doomed and shut in a proud Confederacy which, matchless, lives ever. "Her unparallelled endurance: her intrepidity, which scorned death: her love of country and of freedom, stronger far than her love of life; her observance of order

Continued on page 45

LEE

The Background of a Great Decision

By DR. FRANCIS PENDLETON GAINES

NOTE—The following article is an address given before the officers and directors of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation in Lee Chapel, Lexington, Virginia, October 12th. 1934 by Dr. Francis Pendleton Gaines, President of Washington and Lee University, and by request published in The Southern Magazine.

TO this Chapel which Lee built, which he frequented, which holds his dust, I welcome you, ladies of the Lee Foundation. We are aware not only of the personal distinction each member of your group represents and of the personal affection which you cherish for our greatest president; we remember at this moment the congruity between your institutional ideals and ours.

It would be an error to say that your Foundation, centering its attention upon Stratford Hall is interested exclusively in that lovely stage whereupon Lee made his earthly entrance, upon its hereditary endowments, upon the brief years of happy childhood that Robert the boy spent on those fields. It would be a mistake to say that this University is exclusively interested in the scene which he entered as he neared three-score, or in the activity of his last five years.

Both your group and the community of souls in this academic kinship are deeply concerned with Lee, the total unit of personality, with everything that went before him to affect his character, with all that he did and all that he was, with the projections and perpetuities of his influence.

In this sense we do not supplement each other or meet each other in making complete a circle of loyalty; we coincide exactly in our allegiance and in our enterprise. It is an appropriate thing that on this day, the anniversary of another day which marked the close of his labor, we gather in the building which he dedicated forever to the devotions and the aspirations of youth, a building which thus symbolizes the spirit of that labor.

Since, however, your primary concern is with the background of Lee's life in its broader aspect, I have ventured to attempt an emphasis upon certain background factors of a memorable decision in August, 1865, which brought the concluding period of his life to these campus stretches.

I should not like to be misunderstood. Lee elected to assume the presidency of Washington College for one dominant reason, in the main for one single reason; he was yielding to the noblest motive that can control human conduct, a desire to sacrificial service. The drama of his choice is accentuated by the fact that the task assumed was the least glamorous of the opportunities that presented themselves. The pathway over the Blue Ridge into Lexington was not lustrous with the sheen of gold and silver, was not brilliant under the glow of any public notoriety. It was probably a drab and colorless little by-path into complexities and uncertainties. But it was the path of duty, as he saw it, and his footstep did not falter.

Yet the assumption that Lee's coming to this college presidency was a venture for him as novel or radical as if he had suddenly gone searching for the North Pole is quite unfounded. There were factors in his case, though of secondary importance which made his decision easy, the consequences felicitous.

It will be remembered, for example that college administration was no new thing for Robert E. Lee's experience as superintendent of West Point in the 50's had been successful and more than that, it had been happy. We may assume that no period in Lee's life had brought more pleasure of personal contact or, on the whole, afforded a greater retrospective satisfaction.

There were intimate local factors, however, connected directly with this institution which must have been in the fringes of Lee's thinking as he set up the material for the process of reasoning which culminated in his decision to come to this campus.

First among these I should place the influence of Washington. Lee certainly knew the story: Virginia's legislature had sought to make some kind of compensation to her son who had guided the destinies of America's War of Revolution; Washington, true to his purpose "to close his hand against

pecuniary recompense," had declined, finally coming to a sort of compromise to the effect that he would accept the gift only to bestow it upon some worthy institution of his native state; he gave long consideration to the disposition of this gift and then finally awarded it to the Lexington school. It was not likely that the gift, valued in Washington's time—and in ours, for that matter—at $50,000 would be available for the dark days after the war between the sections. But Lee knew that Washington had made this investment of faith.

The greatest personal influence upon the career of Lee, in certain respects, was the character of Washington, Dr. Freeman admirably indicates. In that Stratford home which you are restoring grandly, this influence was bred into the very instincts of the son of Washington's friend, Harry Lee. Throughout his career, Robert Lee was aware of Washington, was probably shaping his life upon the pattern of him whom his own father had called "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." Marrying the daughter of Washington's adopted son, the younger Lee became in a peculiar sense the representative of the family; but the kinship was always preeminently spiritual. Lee's modesty would have demurred from this thought that I am seeking to express; he remarked to Senator Hill that no man could be a soldier and a politician at the same time, and when Hill reminded Lee of Washington, replied "But Washington was above all rules. There never was another like him."

Robert E. Lee did not feel called upon to vindicate himself. But in a rare moment of personal correspondence he explained to Beauregard that it sometimes became a moral right not to say necessity, for a man to fight first for a flag and then against it; and he used the single example of Washington, who had done precisely that thing. To the mind of Lee this precedent was adequate.

Coming to Lexington, Lee knew, meant sustaining and in some degree fulfilling the great educational trust which the hero of his heart had established.

A well authenticated University tradition brings Robert Lee into even closer relation with this gift from Washington.

One of General Harry Lee's classmates and special friends in the group which finished at Princeton in 1773 was a young Presbyterian clergyman William Graham. Graduating, they pledged permanence of friendship and went widely differing courses in life. Lee won military and political distincton, suffered economic vicissitudes. Graham became first a teacher and then the chieftain of a struggling school in the Valley of Virginia.

When Washington announced his purpose bestowing upon some educational institution the gift which Virginia had made to him, Graham became immediately active, like the true college president. He sought every means of turning Washington's favor to the school in Virginia's Valley. Alumni and local citizens of prominence aided him, but Graham according to this tradition, turned chiefly to his Princeton friend, Harry Lee, close in the councils of Washington; and Lee added his plea in behalf of the school which, nearly seventy years later, was to invite his son to become its leader.

Of documentary evidence to support this tradition, I find only one piece. This is a statement made in an address delivered about 1830 by Virginia's attorney-general, S. S. Baxter, himself an alumnus of Washington College and a son of the president who, after a short interval, succeeded Graham. Baxter declares that General Harry Lee was always a devoted friend of this institution, and the speaker must have been drawing on his father's remembrance of this era. It does not strain probability, moreover, to accept the story. Graham and Lee were certainly friends; Graham left no stone unturned to secure the Washington gift; Harry Lee was not only a warm-hearted soul who would help a friend but he had the further relationship that he owned large properties just outside of Lexington.

Today you will observe, I hope, a dramatic appropriateness. These two men, friends of the college days were linked in later life by only a common interest in this institution. They went widely separate ways, died years and miles apart. But they sleep here on the campus which held the affection of both, so close together that our fancy might believe their restless spirits are confronted in the enduring comradeship.

It is interesting to observe that Lee had other family connections with this school, whatever may have been the closeness of the tie that drew his father.

In the academic session of 1806-07, Harry Lee, usually called Major Lee, the third son of General Harry Lee, was a student of Washington College, then known as Washington Academy. This Lee entered about November 1; Christmas holidays were, of course, virtually non-existent; it is almost certainly true that on the very day when Robert Lee was born in the Stratford of your affections, his elder brother was a member of this student body.

You will recall, furthermore, that in 1826, General Lee's sister, Anne, married William L. Marshall. Four years later the father of Marshall,

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MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY

An International Figure

By CHARLES LEE LEWIS

ALTHOUGH Maury loved his native Virginia with a lifelong devotion, his genius led him into fields of scientific research not to be confined within the limits of a single state, nor even within the boundaries of the United States. From the time of the assembling of an international meteorological conference, invited by Maury to meet at Brussels in 1853, he was considered to be the benefactor of all nations, and was looked upon as an international figure.

The nature of Maury's contributions to the science of oceanography led to such a widespread recognition. Even as early as 1851 he could state that more than one thousand ships in all oceans were observing and collecting data for his wind and current charts, and that he had been forwarded enough material to fill two hundred large manuscript volumes each averaging from two thousand to three thousand days' observations. After the Brussels Conference had finished its work, he was able to write with the greatest satisfaction: "Rarely before has there been such a sublime spectacle presented to the scientific world: all nations agreeing to unite and cooperate in carrying out one system of philosophical research with regard to the sea. Though they may be enemies in all else, here they are to be friends. Every ship that navigates the high seas, with these charts and blank abstract logs on board, may henceforth be regarded as a floating observatory, a temple of science". The new sailing routes which this Pathfinder of the Seas was thus enabled to lay down in his charts for the commerce of the world were of incalculable benefit to all nations, either directly or indirectly. It has been estimated that the saving annually to British commerce in the Indian Ocean alone amounted to at least $1,000,000; whereas the amount saved each year to all British commerce on the Seven Seas reached the stupendous sum of $10,000,00. In the United States, a conservative estimate of the annual saving for the outward voyage alone from her Atlantic ports and those of California to the Ports of South America, Australia, China, and the East Indies reached a grand total of $2,250,000. It can thereby be seen that the saving annually to the commerce of the entire world through the use of Maury's wind and current charts amounted to a sum of startling proportions.

Maury gained recognition abroad also for his astronomical work, which was carried on at the same time his famous Wind and Current Charts were being made, while he was Superintendent of the Naval Observatory in Washington. The publication of the first volume of his astronomical observations in 1846 was important enough to cause one of the most distinguished astronomers in Europe to rank the Naval Observatory with the oldest and best institutions of the kind in Europe. A catalogue of the stars, an ambitious work which Maury began in 1845 (a work which had never before been attempted on such an extensive scale) enabled astronomers to compute from observations extending over a period of fifty years the orbit of the new planet Neptune discovered by Leverrier in the autumn of 1846.

Another reason why Maury's name was held in such high estimation by scientists throughout the world was his "Physical Geography of the Sea", first published in 1855. This was the work which the great German scientist Humboldt considered an epoch-making book. It led the French scientist Jomard to congratulate Maury upon the accomplishment of a "work so difficult, so useful, so laborious", which he regarded as a true present to physicists, geographers, and navigators as well as to the commerce of all nations. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* declared, "Often indeed his powerful imagination makes of Maury a veritable poet, and his descriptions recall involuntarily those stories of the Thousand and One Nights, which charmed our childhood, where Gulnare pictures for her husband marvelously the mysterious realms of the profundities under the sea". The Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine joined in the chorus of praise with the opinion that "the good that Maury has done in awakening the powers of observation of the officers of the Royal and mercantile navies of England....is incalculable", and added that such researches were exercising the most beneficial effect in improving and elevating the minds of seamen everywhere.

Maury's oceanographical researches led to his being consulted in regard to the practicability of one of the most important international projects of his time, the laying of the Atlantic Cable. He gave advice as to the best route for the cable as well as its proper size and the material for its construction, and the best season of the year for laying it down. His theories regarding winds and currents also had great influence on the international quest for the North and South Poles. To many of the explorers of his day he gave advice and encouragement, and in recent years Admiral Byrd recognized Maury's influence on polar exploration when he stated in 1927, "Because I am soon to start on my own expedition towards the South Pole I am particularly interested in a letter Maury wrote under date of August 20, 1860, in which he said: I have reason to believe that there is about the South Pole, a comparatively mild climate. The unexplored regions there embrace an area equal in extent to about one sixth of all the known land on the surface of the earth. I am quietly seeking to create in the minds of some an interest upon the subject, hoping thereby to foster a desire in right quarters for an Antarctic expedition".

It is but natural that Maury should have received substantial recognition for such distinguished achievements in the field of science. The list of his personal friends and correspondents included many of the most celebrated statesmen and scientists abroad. Among these foreigners of distinction were Leverrier, Humboldt, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian of Austria, Jomard (the French Egyptologist), Lord Wrottesley who was President of the Royal and Astronomical Societies in London, Lord Ashburton (English financier and diplomat) Captain Jansen of Holland, Baron Justus von Liebig, Michael Faraday, and dozens of others whose names are not so well remembered to-day,—not only scientists but also statesmen and men of affairs. Maury's discoveries and theories were often discussed in leading scientific journals of England, Germany, and France; and up to the outbreak of the War between the States he had been a member of forty-five learned societies, twenty of which were in foreign countries. He had also been made a knight of the Order of Dannebrog by the King of Denmark, a knight of the Order of St. Anne by the Czar of Russia, a commander of the Legion of Honor by the Emperor of France, and a member of the Order of the Tower and Sword by the King of Portugal. Gold medals had been presented him by the rulers of Norway and Sweden, Prussia, and the Republic of Bremen, Holland, Austria, Sardinia and France; and in addition a medal of honor had been awarded him for his wind and current charts at the Paris Universal Exhibition in 1855 while just the year before the war the Pope had sent him a set of thirteen beautiful silver medals. He had received two gold medals from Prussia; namely, the medal designed for distinguished works of science and the Cosmos Medal, which had been struck by the king of Prussia to honor Humboldt upon the publication of his "Cosmos" and which was given Maury because of the warm personal friendship that had long existed between the two great scientists.

Many other noteworthy international contacts were made by Maury during the War between the States and in the years immediately thereafter. From October, 1862 until the close of the war he resided in England where he was sent on "'special service" for the Confederate government. Here he continued experiments on electric mines, some of which he had already placed in the James River below Richmond before going abroad. He arranged for the purchase and fitting out of the cruisers, Georgia and Rappahannock, and also assisted James T. Bulloch in a vain attempt to have two ironclad rams constructed in a French seaport. He endeavored to secure from the governments of England and France recognition of the Confederacy and intervention to stop hostilities; and he was meanwhile engaged in a long series of negotiations with Emperor Napoleon of France and the Archduke Maximilian of Austria concerning the separation of California from the United States and its restoration to Mexico as a reward for French intervention on the side of the South. The Emperor of France was then interested in Mexican affairs, and Maximilian was on the point of going to Mexico as Emperor.

At the close of the war, Maury went to Mexico himself where he remained for about a year, having been appointed by Maximilian as Imperial Commissioner of Colonization and Director of the Astronomical Observatory. He then returned to England where he was reunited with his wife and younger children. To support himself and family he gave lectures, demonstrating his discoveries relating to the electric mine, before representatives of various foreign governments. The countries who received this demonstration at a fee of five hunded pounds each were the following: France, Sweden and Norway, Holland, Russia, and England. On June 5, 1866, a Testimonial Dinner was given Maury in London, during which the sum of three thousand guineas in a handsome silver-gilt casket was presented to him. To this fund the Grand Duke Constantine contributed personally 1000 pounds; more than 1000 pounds came from friends and admirers in Holland, and the remainder

chiefly from Great Britain. At the dinner, Sir John Pakington, First Lord of the Admiralty, presided and among those present were the Danish, Mexican, Argentine ministers, six British admirals, high officers of Swedish and Russian navies General Beauregard of Confederate army, Professor Tyndall, and many of Maury's personal friends like John Laird, Commodore Jansen of Holland and Dr. Tremlett who was secretary of the Testimonial Fund.

Early in the war before Maury left the South to go to England, he had been invited by the Grand Duke Constantine to come to Russia and make his home there under the patronage of that government. This generous invitation Maury very courteously declined. After the war, he was invited by the Emperor of France to become a French citizen and was offered a position in the Meteorological Observatory in Paris. But Maury's family wished him to return to the United States at the earliest opportunity, and he accordingly did not accept Napoleon's flattering offer. Before Maury's departure from England on July 1, 1868 to return home to Virginia, he received from the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico the Grand Cross of the Order of Guadalupe, and from Cambridge University the degree of LL. D.

Arrriving at New York on July 16, Maury proceeded to Virginia, where the following autumn he took up his duties as Professor of Meteorology in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, and here he continued to reside until his death on February 1, 1873. His body lay in state in the hall of the Library of V. M. I. and near the bier was placed a large globe bearing this inscription: "The whole world is mourning for Maury", an appropriate and eloquent tribute to the fact that he was indeed an international figure.

While in Virginia Maury had continued the writing of his famous series of geographies for the schools, which he had begun in England. One of these, "Physical Geography for Schools and General Readers", gained international recognition being translated into Dutch, French, and Russian. His more famous "Physical Geography of the Sea," however, has been translated into Dutch, German, French, Italian, Spanish and Norwegian and has been used as a textbook in several naval schools in Europe.

Immediately following Maury's death, there was a veritable flood of eulogies on the character and services of the great scientist, the greater number of which came from abroad. The British journal Nature of March 20, 1873 may serve as a fair example. It declared that Maury was the first to show how meteorology could be raised to the dignity of a science, and that he was essentially a practical man in the highest sense of that word. "He will certainly", it added, "and deservedly, occupy a niche in the temple of fame as a benefactor of humanity and a promoter of scientific knowledge to which not many men ever attain". It is of interest to note that this estimate, after the passing of forty years, is largely substantiated in "The Science of the Sea", edited in 1912 by G. Herbert Fowler, a British scientist, which declares "Marine meteorology may be said to date from the time of M. F. Maury, U. S. Navy, whose Physical Geography of the Sea, though out of date as to facts and somewhat fantastic as to theories, remains a model book of popular science, written by a man who was possessed of all the knowledge of his time, and afire with the enthusiasm of research".

That the name of Maury is remarkably well known abroad is borne out by the fact that one sometimes comes across references to him in books where one is surprised to find him mentioned at all. Three examples of this each, from a different country, will serve as illustrations. In Walter de la Mare's "Memoirs of a Midget" (p. 226) the reader is suddenly confronted with this: "I searched Mrs. Bowater's library for views of the sea, but without much reward. So I read over Mr. Bowater's Captain Maury on the winds and monsoons and tide-rips and hurricanes, freshened up my Robinson Crusoe, and dreamed of the Angels with the Vials". The second is found in Vicente Blasco Ibanez's "Mare Nostrum" (p. 65). "He (Ulysses) had learned English", writes Ibanez, "the universal language of the blue dominions, and was refreshing himself with a study of Maury's charts—the sailor's Bible—the patient work of an obscure genius who first snatched from ocean and atmosphere the secret of their laws". The third example is from that classic of childhood, Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea". In the chapter describing Captain Nemo's library on board the strange submarine Nautilus the author mentions among the books of hydrography, meteorology, and geography the works of Commander Maury. In the last portion of the story in the chapter entitled, "The Gulf Stream" Verne shows he was quite familiar with Maury's theories regarding this remarkable "river in the ocean", as he called it in his "Physical Geography of the Sea".

Maury has ever been an example of that often repeated saying that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country; but it is a fact that during his lifetime he was more signally hon-

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The Lees of Virginia

IF the history of the early settlement of America could be told in colorful tapestry embroidered with rich tones, interwoven with silver and gold threads of brilliant achievement, outlined we would find against such background the name of the Lees of Virginia.

Theirs was an ancient family, devoted adherents of the king. The line dates back to the beginning of the 13th century and was of Norman origin. Launcelot Lee of Loudoun, France, brave follower of Richard Coeur de Lion on his Crusade to the Holy Land, was a possible ancestor of this noted family. A Lee was with William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings. They are descendants of the Lees of Cotton Hall, Shropshire, England, whose members held positions of trust and honor, and who were Knighted for their bravery and adherence to the king.

The first Lee spoken of in the family records as coming to America was Richard Lee, called the Emigrant, who came here in 1641 as the Secretary of the Council. He took up land in York County, a 1,000 acres, and was so charmed with the beauty of the location and his plantation that he called it "Paradise" and decided that here in this new land he would make a home for himself and his children forever and forever.

Later in order to have better shipping facilities for his tobacco in which he soon became interested, he moved to the Northern Neck and made his home at Cobb's Hall. Here the harbor afforded protection being available in Indian disturbances. The land was very fertile and Richard Lee, the first of the Virginia Lees, began the foundation of that superb family which each period of our history has claimed with pride.

The first grant of land was for a 1,000 acres and dated October 18th 1650. Later he added several thousand more acres to his domain and acquired what is today, Stratford, Lee Manor, Mount Pleasant and Ditchley. The date 1650 marked the peak of Cavalier migration to the colonies, which began with the execution of Charles I in 1649 and did not cease for twenty years. These arrivals brought with them the customs, the traditions, manners and standards of a noble house, together with culture and learning and ideals of knighthood which gave to Virginia that quality of leadership so needed in those days as well as now.

Richard Lee sold every estate he possessed in England, and when he died left an immense fortune in land to his family and a vast estate to each of his eight children. He passed away at the home he loved so much, "Cobbs Hall" and was buried there. Over the door hangs the coat of arms carved in wood with the heraldic bearings of the Shropshire Lees. Of the large family, is a matter of record that Richard Lee II was the father of Thomas Lee the builder of Stratford Hall. He was educated at Oxford as were his brothers and when he returned to Virginia he was ready to settle down. He married Letitia Corbin and made his home at Mt. Pleasant, a large brick manor enclosed by a brick wall. He was a gentleman of the period, was employed as a Naval Officer and also a receiver of Virginia duties on the Potomac River. He later arose to high prominence officially in the colony and was one of the large tobacco growers and shippers. Among the children born at Mt. Pleasant were Henry Lee, grandfather of Light Horse Harry Lee and great-grandfather of Robert E. Lee, and here was born Richard Lee's fourth son, Thomas Lee, known as President Lee.

In 1716, Thomas Lee leased the old home place from his brother Richard Lee III, who decided to remain in England. He improved and added to the acreage of the estate, until he became the largest and most successful tobacco raiser in the colonies. In 1716 he married a daughter of Philip Ludwell, Member of the Virginia Council and at the time Speaker of the House. It was to the old family manor Mt. Pleasant, that he brought his bride, Hannah Ludwell Lee. For several happy years they resided here while Thomas Lee mounted step by step to the highest offices in the colony. When their son, Philip Ludwell was three years of age, Mount Pleasant burned to the ground. The origin of the fire was undoubtedly the work of convict servants who had recently been sentenced by Thomas Lee to punishment. The fire occured at night and Mrs. Lee, two children, and her husband barely escaped with their lives. Mrs. Lee and the youngest child, Philip Ludwell, were saved by being thrown from a window. Every thing was destroyed, papers, books, cash, portraits, silver, office and all outbuildings.

When the news of this loss reached the business associates of Mr. Lee in England who were connected with the East India Company, the calamity was soon made known over the entire kingdom. Queen Caroline, the wife of George II of England, from her private funds sent Thomas Lee the

sum of three hundred pounds to start the work of the erection of another home.

This is the only record known of English Sovereign assisting with the erection of a private building in all America. From hundreds of sources came aid in building of his new home.

When the site was selected, Thomas Lee móved several miles away from Mount Pleasant which was afterwards called "Burnt House Fields", to the present location of "Stratford Hall". This was destined to be one of the most interesting buildings ever erected in Colonial Virginia. The plans came from England and were for a stately mansion of large proportions in English style, the largest to have been erected in America at that time. A large part of the material, all of the furnishings, the household goods, china, glass, silver, the trees, flowers, shrubs, vines, orchards, all the finest and best, came from England. Fit indeed was this magnificent hall for the men who came forth, the six great sons of Thomas and Hannah Lee, to play important roles in the history of their country.

The eldest son, Thomas, who during the Revolution was one of the first to lead the Virginians against the British forces; Philip Ludwell who inherited Stratford, became a force in the social, economic and political life of his state, Richard Henry, signer of the Declaration of Independence, leader in Congress, writer, speaker, fighter, stalwart and courageous, the pride of Virginia colonies; Francis Lightfoot, a delegate to Continental Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a constructive worker in the building of our nation, Washington's friend; William, the diplomat; Arthur, who was associated with Benjamin Franklin in his work of negotiating and signing the tready of alliance with France, and who made many treaties with the Indians: the one daughter, Alice, who became the wife of William Shippen of Pennsylvania who was a noted physician in the Continental army, surely, no home in America ever sent forth into their country for service such men as these.

After the death of Hannah Lee on New Year night, 1749-50 and that of his father, scarcely a year later, Nov 14th. 1750, Philip Ludwell Lee who was at the time a Member of the House of Burgesses, took charge of the home, Stratford Hall and proceeded to administer to the letter the will of his father. The younger children were well educated and started on the road to positions of eminence which they were destined to follow. This was not an easy task and few in the entire range of history were ever so considerate, so kind, so just an elder brother as Philip Lee. According to the will, each brother received his just share of not only the estate, but opportunity for a complete education and travel. The Home House was always a scene of hospitality for Elizabeth Steptoe Lee as well as her husband maintained the traditions of the family and Stratford was the meeting place of the young people as well as the older ones, and dancing was one of the favorite amusements with music by Negroes who lived on the estate. Moonlight promenades, parties on the lawn, dances on the river barge, riding, driving, hunting and racing. Philip Lee's two daughters, Matilda and Flora, drew the neighboring cousins from all the surrounding estates, Stratford was the scene of Virginia gaiety. Up on the Potomac at Dunfries lived Henry Lee and his wife the beautiful Lucy Grymes to whom Washington wrote verses and spent much of his time adoring when he was a youth. Home for the holidays came handsome, dashing Harry Lee in his late teens, a student of Princeton. Christmas dances at Stratford and the "Divine Matilda", his little cousin had him captivated for ever. Harry Lee had planned to go to England to study, but at the time he had finished his career in college in the colonies, the battle of Lexington and the call to arms were sounded and being a Lee, Harry responded and was nominated for captain by Patrick Henry and he was hurled into the vortex of the Revolution. General Washington who loved him deeply gave him a company of picked men and horses and with this Cavalry command, he worked miracles. He was soon promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of Dragoons and assigned to Southern territory under General Nathanael Greene and for all time became "Lighthorse Harry Lee, Boy Hero of the Revolution".

When the War was over, Harry Lee came back to Stratford Hall where in 1775, Philip Ludwell Lee had passed away in the 49th. year of his age, leaving the estate to his widow, Matilda as the only son, Philip, Jr. had died in infancy. Later upon the re-marriage of Mrs. Philip Lee, the estate was purchased for her daughter, Matilda and so she became the sole owner of the great Home House. The infatuation of the former years still held him enthralled and Lighthorse Harry and "Divine Matilda" were married in 1782 and Stratford passed in this way into the illustrious family of the Revolutionary patriot.

If Harry Lee had risen rapidly to high honors in his military career, his rise was equally striking and effective in civil life. He became a member of the Congress in 1786 and assisted in bringing about the Constitution and was one of the most talked about men in all the country. In 1790, the greatest sorrow of his life came to him in the death of his wife and he was left alone with his

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The Romance of an Old Home

By CLARA RIDER HAYDEN

To the Reader:—

I am giving you this story of an old house just as it came to me. For the benefit of any doubting Thomases, I wish to say that I have verified in published historical works much that the story contains. It is true that it took some calculation in addition and subtraction to substantiate many dates and names in their sequence, but it can be done if you care to ruin a romantic story with cold facts.—The Writer.

* * * *

"I AM Stratford House, the home of the Lees of Virginia. I am an old house and shall take the privilege of the old in telling my story. The realization that it is my duty to give my story to the world came to me not long ago when a lovely lady laid her hand caressingly on my paneled walls and said, "If walls could only speak!" Well, walls can speak, and contrary to the prevalent belief, walls have ears and eyes.

An old house, like an old person, lives mainly in the past. We know little intimate things about the people who dwell and have dwelt within us, but we are loyal and discreet. I have no doubt that if walls would speak many a page of the world's history would be changed. I may ramble and grow confused as to names and dates; I may tell you little that is new and outstaanding, but you must acknowledge that I know my people as no other could know them.

I was built by my Master Thomas Lee, one of the third generation of Lees in Virginia. Many a winter's night, when the wind howled around me like unchained wolves from the deep forest, and the river lashed the bluffs on which I stand until I trembled lest the waves wash us away, my Master and Mistress would sit with their family of six sturdy lads in the comforting glow of the fire that soared up my great chimney, and I would listen closely while my Master told of my building. My red bricks were baked in the kilns of Old England. A queen, because of the loyalty of the Lees, sent a purse of money, with a letter which the lads were allowed to read and handle carefully, saying it gave her great pleasure to help erect a house for my Master in far away Virginia. And the workmen of London Town sent the bricks, the tools and other things to help put me together. Was ever a house so honored? I am sure it is a peculiar honor to have a bit of the Mother Country and the Guilds of London Town in one's thick walls, not to mention the gift of a Queen which helped to erect one.

I was reared proudly on these beautiful bluffs of the Potomac River, on Virginia soil; I am a Virginian. A house had burned on my site—the home built by Richard Lee, the second, father of my Master Thomas. I pray no such calamity will overtake me. In my youth, as I gazed over the country around me, catching sight of the first little silver thread of the river that wends its way past me growing wider and wider as it nears the great sea over which we had sailed, I wondered if England, the Mother Land, could be more fair. And sometimes now my mind goes back to those early days, and I recall the picture the light of the moon made, as it filtered through the foliage of a primeval forest, resting in silver patterns on the garden at my feet; or to sunny days, when I could catch glimpses of a ship at the wharf and the gruff voice of the ship's Master directing the unloading of merchandise from England, or the West Indies, or some other far distant country. Some days it would be so clear that I tried to stretch myself in attempts to catch sight of Wakefield, Marmion, Lee Hall, Mount Airy and other old places in the Northern Neck of which I had heard. We often entertained the Masters and Mistresses of my neighbors for days at a time, and words dropped from their lips made me curious to see their homes. But alas! they were beyond my vision, though I had once fancied that I must be able to see the whole world from my bluffs.

The sailing up the river of a ship from Old England was a great event. Sometimes it brought goods for our storehouses; sometimes pretty silks and muslins for my Mistress and the latest fashions of London Town for my Master. There were letters that carried joy or sorrow; and sometimes it brought a son returning from college. On such occasions as the last mentioned there was great rejoicing, much scurrying back and forth from the great house to the kitchen. The eyes of the Mistress would fill with a holy light as she held her son in her arms once more: and the Master's voice trembled in spite of him as he greeted his boy. The little ones danced with sheer joy, though they held back a bit timid when spoken to by the

strange brother who discussed so freely the King, the Parliament, and "Old Oxford". When his boxes were unpacked they crowded 'round, eager to view the contents. There would be a lovely gown for the Mistress, all flounces of rustling, bright colored silk; silver buckles for the Master and the lads; and a seal of the great college of Oxford for my walls. Once, when my Master hung such a seal beside his seal of Colonial Councillor, and it had been much admired and discussed, one of the little lads who stood before it, his feet wide spread, a flush upon his rounded cheek, a sparkle in his eyes said boldly;

"Father, England is well, our Mother Country, but I shall go to Williamsburg to college; and I shall fight for Virginia."

There was deep silence for a second. Had treason been spoken? Then my Mistress timidly laid her hand on the Master's shoulder and said softly,

"Thomas, he is like thee, a son of the soil—of Virginia soil."

I must have shouted in applause, in spite of my caution, for my Mistress lifted her comely face, and said.

"Did I hear someone call?"

I saw a twinkle come to my Master's eyes that had shown a startled look as he replied,

"No, dear Hannah, just the wind in the trees. I will take the lads with me to the store over on the Rappahannock for a day or two. They will like it and are great company for me on the ride."

But my Mistress knew, as I knew, that something intangible, yet precious, had been born that day. "A son of the Soil! Of Virginia Soil!" I do not claim to be clairvoyant, or to posses any qualities unusual in an old house, yet from that day for many years I stood on tiptoes, as it were; I had a foreboding, we old houses often do, that each year connected my life with great events still to come. And with each birth within my walls .I would find myself listening, like a child playing at Blind Man's Bluff to a soft whisper, "You are getting closer." The misty-eyed mother must surely have caught an echo of the whisper, for she would incline ear and ask, "Did someone call?"

* * * *

One day I heard my Mistress say to my Master, "Philip, now that George is at Wakefield and Henry is back from Williamsburg, we must give a party. It will be as your father would like—the coming together of our old friends at Stratford. Mother Hannah will like it too."

Master Philip liked it much. Sambo was sent on horseback to the west; two boats, each with four black oarsmen went, one to the north and one to the south, to bid our friends and neighbors to the party. I liked it well too. The old place was very quiet since the day they had borne my Master Thomas to Pope's Creek Church to his last resting place; and that just before the king's Commission had reached him, appointing him Governor of Virginia. How I thrilled when Master Philip read aloud to the family and friends gathered within my walls the words of the King. Governor of Virginia! My good Master Thomas! It was a climax of years of faithful service. But I cannot linger, even to this day, upon that scene which brought such honor to my Master, though such sadness to us.

A week after the invitations had gone out the servants had all returned and there was much bustling within and without my walls. My Mistress fluttered in and out, first to the kitchen, then to the storehouse, closely followed by black Tiney, Venus and Sambo; out again to the smokehouse, the poultry yard, and so on and on, until I grew dizzy with trying to follow her. My floors were scrubbed and polished anew 'til the portraits of our Grand Sires and their ladies were reflected in the surfaces.

Another week, and they came flocking in—all our neighbors in the Northern Neck. Some came up the river, some down; in barges relieved of their common freight; in brightly painted family boats with sails flashing in the sunlight; in rowboats pulled by husky black servants. Some came on horseback, the lady riding in front; others in coaches drawn by two or four stout horses, driven by trusty black coachmen. I vow it was a pretty sight. They all knew each other—it was cousin this and cousin that, from Pope's Creek, from Fredericksburg; from as far as Green Spring, Fairfax, Alexandria.

There were stately dames with full skirts sweeping the ground and white kerchiefs across their ample breasts; there were slender young maidens in gowns of homespun cloth, in silks, in muslins; there were elderly gentlemen, masters of great estates; there were young beaux, with frills from London Town, and dandified with canes and snuff boxes and tri-cornered hats. Some, I gathered were late from chasing the thieving Indians who sometimes disturbed us in the Northern Neck; others, late from Williamsburg, where the College and the Capitol divided honors. There, in the autumn twilight my whole world of people truly were gathered at my feet.

Supper was laid under the trees, All the house servants helped with the serving, carrying out great trays loaded with roasted fowls, young pork, wild game, biscuit, jellies, cakes, milk, tea and wine. The memory of that supper still causes me to groan

in apprehension for the delicate stomach, though I was but an onlooker.

After supper there was much primping and chatting in the seclusions of the bed rooms; and shortly there came forth such an array of beauty and elegance that even my sophisticated walls gasped in wonder and delight. I claim that my ladies and squires were second to none. Such bowing and curtsying; such flirting and coquetting, as they trod the measures of the stately minuet or frolicked in a country dance; such languishing glances from behind feathered fans, lace fans, tinted satin fans, such ardent glances into eyes almost hidden beneath long lashes; such mesmerism as was produced by the little black patches just below the dimpled cheek, or so very near the tempting red lips, is quite beyond my power of description.

However there were several things that happened that night, almost a hundred and eighty years ago, that stand out as clearly in my memory as if it were yesterday. While the band of four pieces imported from Williamsburg was playing and the young people were dancing, my attention was attracted to a group of three ladies sitting in the corner of the great fireplace, away from the chill of the night air. I knew them well, and my heart warmed to them for they belonged to the happy days of my youth. I leant an ear to them, for my Mistress Hannah was saying, as she leaned forward to lay a thin blue veined hand caressingly upon the beautiful lady beside her,

"Molly, do you not recall that winter one and twenty years ago when the dear Lord blessed us each with a son?"

"Deed I do, dear Hannah—Richard and George," replied the beautiful lady, "and one to Mary there—Ah! we were three blest mothers."

Mistress Mary Bland Lee nodded her head, and replied with a bright smile,"That we were, Mistress Washington—and still are. I know as a a mother, how happy you must be to have George with you again."

A shadow passed over Mistress Mary Washington's handsome face, and her voice took on a note of soft complaint,

"Deed I am. I have him so little. First, it was Lawrence; then, the Lord Fairfax; now it is the Governor. They put things into his head—the navy this business of measuring lands; the Indians and the fur trade in the wilderness. I like it not."

"But dear," my gentle Mistress said, "it will help him grow strong—and what a size he is! I noticed him today. Ah!", and I saw in the flickering candlelight her eyes grow tender with memory, "he, too, is a son of the soil—of Virginia soil."

And I recalled that day in this very room when first she had spoken those words.

My Mistress turned to Mistress Mary Lee and rested her eyes lovingly on the younger Mistress Mary, "And your son, dear Mary, now that he has fulfilled the desire expressed in his father's will?"

"I cannot tell you Sister Hannah. I would like nothing better than that he establish a home. He has, as you say, performed, and well, too, though being my son it may have a sound of boasting, his years at college and as a writer to the Secretary at Williamsburg, as his father willed."

"It is too bad", broke in the Mistress Washington, in the same soft complaining voice with which she had spoken before, "that young lads must have

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their fling. I would that George were ready to settle down at Mount Vernon. He is needed there, now that Lawrence is gone. He has a turn for planting, too, if he would but give it a trial. But Betty says there is only one thing strong enough to tie him down."

"And that?" asked my Mistress Hannah with a twinkle in her eye. It was plain to see she had already suspected.

"To take a wife," and Mistress Washington made a wry face, at which the other two ladies laughed, and my Mistress Hannah said, "Then Molly Ball, you are afraid your nose will be out of joint."

They laughed again, and this time Mistress Washington joined in good-naturedly.

"Mayhaps," my Mistress insisted teasingly, "Betty is right, and he may soon settle down."

I saw the two Mistresses Mary exchange a quick glance and as quickly drop their eyes to the floor. And something spoken by Master that very morning came back to me. "By Gad" he had exclaimed to the young Mistress, "it has slipped my mind that George and Henry are both courting Lucy Grymes."

I was as much concerned as the mothers. Here were as fine two lads as Virginia, the land of fine men, had ever produced, courting the same young lady. A pretty fix! I knew well both lads; one, a nephew of the house; the other, a neighbor. I knew them to be upright and brave. I also knew the Mistress Lucy Grymes of whom they spoke—a dear young lady, who danced like a fairy and smiled like an angel—came from down Green Spring way. Poor Lads! But such is life, I have observed.

Just at the moment I was again turning my attentions to my Mistress and her friends, the music stopped, and I caught sight of Young Master Lee escorting Mistress Lucy Grymes toward the stairway leading to the pavilion on my roof. I do not know whether the ladies in the chimney corner saw them or not, I was too excited to notice. That haunting, mysterious feeling that I have mentioned had again taken possession of me, and some how, someway, I knew that the lady's decision in this affair would mean much to me and mine.

He led her swiftly up the stairs and on to the pavilion. It was deserted. He seated her on the bench that runs around the balustrade; drew her cape close 'round her slender shoulders; and then stood before her with his arms folded, looking down upon her as if he would never look away; while the music from below rose and fell about them in soft cadences. She put a fluttering white hand to her throat and cocked her pretty head on one side, pretending to look at the river—the world of fairy land in the moonlight.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she exclaimed, "Look, Mister Lee!"

"Yea, beautiful" yet he did not turn his eyes from her face.

"I love Stratford, do you not?" she ventured.

"Yea, I love it," and still his eyes rested on the little face below him.

Again the white hand fluttered to her throat, and this time she lifted her eyes to the moon,

"Did you ever see the Lady in the Moon, Mister Lee? Some say she favors Mistress Sally Fairfax, who spent much time in Williamsburg last winter and bewitched all the gentlemen residing there."

"I have not noticed it—I have not looked at the moon tonight," he replied.

"Oh, but you should—and all this," and she waved her little hand to take in the world about them, "Look! I fairly believe I catch a glimpse of the chimneys of Wakefield peeping above the trees! Turn your face in that direction and tell me if I am right."

He stood rigid, arms folded, looking down upon her, and replied,

"I prefer the sight before me. Why should I turn my head? You know—you—"

"But, Mister Lee!" she exclaimed, not allowing him to finish the sentence, and leaning far over the balustrade, "Look, is not that Major Washington and Mary Cary I see in the garden? There, approaching the steps leading down to the river?"

Still he stood, turning neither to right nor left, a graven image.

"Do you care, Mistress Lucy?" he asked at last his eyes searching the face bent over the balustrade.

"Care? For what, pray, Mister Lee?" And she turned her face toward him, in real, or feigned, surprise, I could not tell.

"That Major Washington and Mistress Mary Cary walk in the garden?" he replied.

She tossed her pretty head and stared cooly up at him, "Why should I care?"

"I have wondered sometimes if—if you do care—care for Major Washington", and for the first time words came falteringly from Master Henry's lips. "He is a fine fellow. The Washingtons are honorable family. Lord Fairfax is interested in him—will push his fortunes—and George will make the best of his opportunities. Does this mean nothing to you?"

"Nothing, Sir—except that I admire Major Washington. He is very gallant to the ladies, and never stares them out of countenance, as does one of his friends," and she tapped her little satin slipper violently on the floor.

I became alarmed. Was it to end thus—in a quarrel? But I should have known the gentlemen of my family better. Master Henry took a quick step and dropped on one knee in front of her, took her tiny face between his two strong hands and held it there, while he repeated rapidly,

"Lucy, you know why I stare you out of countenance—why I can not look at the moon nor the stars nor any one in the garden. You know what I seek to know—of your interest in Major Washington—or any other man—and you can no longer put me off."

And the young scamp still held her in a vise, surely she would never forgive him this. I strained to catch her reply.

"Why, Henry," she whispered reproachfully, raising her eyes to his, "what ever made you think I was trying to put you off?"

"Ah!" The exclamation escaped me so suddenly that I was startled when she raised her pretty head from Master Henry's shoulder and said;

"Did someone call? Maybe we had better go back to the dancing, we shall be missed"

I realized then that I still had much to learn of ladies.

Later in the evening, when Master Henry stepped out the door for a breath of fresh air, I saw Major Washington follow him, and I strained against the merriment going on inside to catch what they might say. I saw the Major give Master Henry a hearty, friendly slap on the shoulder, and heard him say slyly—just a little teasingly, as from one friend to another,

"You look well tonight—that last measure you trod with Mistress Lucy was revealing, I congratulate you, my friend." And their hands met in a warm, firm clasp.

"You are a close observer, George, I thank you. Sometimes, I thought—I thought you—you would be the—fortunate one."

Nay, nay, Henry, you think too little of your winning qualities with the ladies. I have seen the direction in which the wind was blowing. Nay, nay," and I thought I caught a strain of sadness in Major Washington's voice, "love's fortune has not yet smiled on me. My fortune must surely lie in another direction."

"The report has it, "said Master Henry, evidently relieved to change the subject, "that you are to go shortly on a mission to our posts on the Ohio."

"Yea, the Governor insists, and my lord Fairfax thinks it to our best interest that someone go —I have decided—I will go. And I felt, with the intuition of an old house, that the decision had been made that very night.

"But," insisted Master Henry, "you are not leaving before the races at Williamsburg next week?"

"Nay, that could not be—I have too much at stake. I have placed a wager on a young filly of the Carter stables whose great grand sire was Bully Dow—fine points—promises more endurance than Tom Moore's Black Pete. On whom does your choice fall?" And thus discussing the affairs of the day the two gentlemen went in to join in the dancing.

* * * *

In December after the courtship of Mistress Lucy Grymes and Master Henry Lee, my Master and Mistress went to the wedding over in Green Spring; and a fine wedding it was from all reports. And it seemed hardly a day in the lapse of time before their son Henry came from Leesylvania a courting my young Mistress Matilda. I looked on with approbation, for ever since the night Mistress Lucy and Master Henry pledged their troth on my pavilion, I knew that in some way their destiny was wrapped in mine and when their son lead our young Mistress Matilda up the steps to my pavilion and seated her where had sat his mother, I was delighted.

But this was not the Writer in the Secretary's office, this was surely a Colonel of troops—dressed in all his splendor. The light of the moon was reflected in the brass buttons on his uniform, in the medal pinned on the ribbon across his breast, in the gold in his epaulets. His white pants and blue coat looked as if he had been melted and poured into them, and he wore the cocked hat of an officer. One hand hung at his side as becomes a soldier, and the other rested lightly on the hilt of his sword.

"You fairly dazzle my eyes, Colonel Lee," said my Mistress.

"Do not tease me, little lady I wore it because you asked it of me, as a special favor. But I am doubly repaid if you like it," and with a grand bow he sat down beside her.

"Oh, I like it! How splendid the gentlemen must have looked, and the ladies too, at the balls in Philadelphia, and Annapolis, and New Port. Of course the French officers attended? I wager none danced better than our General Washington—or you, Colonel Lee?" she added with a slight emphasis on the Colonel, and a toss of her pretty head.

But the Colonel ignored her bit of teasing—"Well, the General has never ceased to like to dance, and he can perform as graceful a figure in the set as any younger man. I heard a pretty compliment the French officers paid him at a ball at New Port. They took the instruments from the musicians and played the measure while our General danced."

"That was sweet! And did you meet the ladies of the officers?" she insisted.

"'Deed, I did, though I had little time for social affairs with the training of my legionaries, going on special missions for General Washington and my duties in Congress, he said simply, without undue pride, I thought.

But the eyes of my Mistress had grown bright with pride; she touched shyly the medal on his breast,

"Light horse Harry," she repeated softly, "a dashing dragoon—that day in August at Paulus Hook—Ah, Cousin, your brave deeds are well known in Virginia—you stand on a pedestal with Uncle Richard!"

"Tut, tut, I did no more than any soldier for his country," he replied, but I could see he was pleased by the pretty compliment.

"Your reply becomes a soldier. But, fear the life of a soldier has laid its hand upon you; you will not wish to turn from it to the life of a planter?" she asked lightly, though I caught beneath a wistful strain.

Master Henry's face was turned from her. He gazed far out with smouldering eyes that saw beyond the horizon.

"Dear lady, that is a question I find hard to answer. I must acknowledge the life of a soldier is fascinating to me. Then—sometimes the trail—the trail of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe entices me."

My heart sank, for I had heard of this trail, to the west, away from my river, away from Virginia. I saw my Mistress straighten with a little gesture that I recognized as fear, and I strained closer to catch his next words.

"Every time I pass the cross road at Fredericksburg, I have an almost irresistible desire to turn west. What a time those old fellows had! What adventure! What romance!"

This was followed by a deep silence between them. I heard the faint refrain of a song down in the negro quarters, the hoot of an owl in the poplar, the croaking of frogs down by the river.

I saw my Mistress shiver and draw her cloak around her. Then she said with a huskiness in her voice,

"And you could leave Virginia?"

He started and brushed his hand across his brow as if to wipe away something—"No," he said at last, "No, I could not leave Virginia; neither could I leave you, dear lady."

I was so happy at the turn of affairs that I lost what immediately followed—and when I had regained my equilibrium, my Mistress was saying,

"But, Henry, I can never leave Stratford!"

Ah! There! I waited breathless.

He rose and stood at the balustrade, his sword clicking against his side unheeded, while the anxious eyes of my Mistress followed him.

When he came back to her side, I saw a new light in his eyes, a tender glowing light that I learned to recognize as his response to all things he loved and protected.

"It shall be as you desire, dear lady," he said, "I will serve you, Stratford House, and Virginia always as best I can—so help me God," he added reverently. "Let us seal it with a kiss, dear." And he took her in his arms.

I gave a great shout and saw him raise his head and heard him say, "Did someone call?"

But my Mistress shook her head and laughed, "No dear, just an old owl in the poplar."

This sobered me and set me to wondering. I did not understand—always before my Mistress has heard me, and now, though she loved me so dearly that she would not desert me, she had not heard my call. Life is mysterious; Yea, even to an old house.

Three sons and a daughter were born to my Mistress Matilda and Master Henry. One little one came only to depart shortly, but on the whole the years were happy. My Master's trips to Philadelphia and Richmond brought us news and gossip of interest. On one of his returns his news was of special interest—he described the inauguration of General Washington, our old friend, into the office of President of the United States. My mind then went back to the night thirty three years before. Surely it had been well that things had happened as they did. If Mistress Lucy Grymes had accepted Major Washington as a suitor instead of Master Henry Lee, would the Major have gone into the west and become a great soldier? Would Master Henry be my Master now? I could not then answer my own questions, though they have since become as clear as a crystal.

When Mistress Matilda left us we were desolate. For days the Master tramped—from the sundial in the garden to the steps by the river, and back again—tramp, tramp. One day they missed him and were frantic with anxiety; but I was watching over him, as he knelt in my secret chamber, praying to the Lord to give him strength to continue his life without her. He arose calm and collected and a short while later, when he was waited upon by a committee of gentlemen who urged him to serve his state as Governor, he consented.

* * * *

What is a home without mistress, wife, or mother? For more than two years I asked myself this question repeatedly; then a day is June, when field and garden had once more responded to gentle south-

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Origin of Plan to Restore Stratford

By ETHEL ARMES

Formerly Historian and Research Authority of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Inc.

THE forthcoming 128th anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee, January 19, 1935, will usher in the Dedication year of the house where he was born—Stratford Hall in Westmoreland County, Virginia. This old colonial home of the Lee's, which is one of the most historic places in America, is being restored and preserved by the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Inc. Cooperating with this organization are the Universities of Yale and Harvard, The Garden Club of Virginia, the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and other organizations.

The group of women connected with the enterprise from the year 1926 to the present time have done the difficult pioneer work. They have made and are making today, the great personal sacrifices called for by this stupendous undertaking. Thought, time, labor, money—all are being given without counting the cost. "Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor night stay these courtiers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." Their individual work is augmented by the work in 32 states of the Union organized under their direction. The results of their effort, together with those gained from the cooperation of the universities and the organizations above mentioned, have made it possible for the Council of 1934 of the Lee Foundation to unite in the determination to repay the advance of a friend to lift the mortgage on Stratford and go forward with the Dedication plans.

The Dedication Program for the year 1935, outlined by Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, President of the Lee Foundation and approved by the Council of 1934 will begin with the observance of General Lee's birthday, in each of the 32 states, and continue at various intervals throughout the summer in those states. The Dedication ceremonies will take place at Stratford, October 12, 1935, the 65th anniversary of the death of General Lee. Details of the Dedication Program are in the hands of Mrs. Orton Bishop Brown, Director for New Hampshire and Chairman of the Program Committee. Mrs. Brown is the daughter of General John B. Gordon, who was an intimate friend of General Lee and who commanded Stonewall Jackson's wing of Lee's army for the last year of the war.

The significant part taken by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the preservation of Stratford is first: the restoration and furnishing of the room in which Robert E. Lee was born, (with the adjacent nursery) and, secondly, its pledge of $50,000 by means of which practically every member of this organization will be privileged to have a direct and personal part in the remaking of Stratford. Thankfulness that this decision was made must surely quicken the hearts of the daughters and granddaughters of the men who fought with Lee, and that, in the hour, when the entire nation and many foreign countries unite to honor the memory of the great Confederate leader, the United Daughters of the Confederacy will have their part recorded.

This Memorial is taking a most practical form, in that the restoration plans include the revival of the colonial arts, industries and activities of the historic plantation. This circumstance will gradually tend to make of Stratford a self-sustaining enterprise and will eventually provide employment for many people. To all of us so deeply concerned in Stratford, its success is the one happy event of the depression, and fulfills the desire of Lee's own heart expressed in his letter to his daughters, from Savannah, Georgia, November 22, 1861:—"I am much pleased at your description of Stratford and your visit. It is endeared to me by many recollections, and it has been always a great desire of my life to be able to purchase it. Now that we have no other home, and the one we so loved has been so foully polluted, the desire is stronger with me than ever. The horse-chestnut you mention in the garden was planted by my mother. I am sorry the vault is so dilapidated. You did not mention the spring, one of the objects of my earliest recollections." Again two weeks later he wrote to his wife: "In the absence of a home I wish I could purchase Stratford. That is the only other place that I could go to, now accessible to us, that would inspire me with feelings of pleasure and

local love. You and the girls could remain there in quiet. It is a poor place but we could make enough cornbread and bacon for our support and the girls could weave us clothes. I wonder if it is for sale and at how much. Ask Fitzhugh to try to find out when he gets to Fredericksburg."

The movement for Stratford's restoration is national in scope. Men, women and children from the north, the east, and the west are as interested as those from the south. More and more Robert E. Lee belongs to the Nation precisely as his illustrious kinsmen do, his honored father, Light Horse Harry Lee, his patriot cousins of Stratford, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, the Signers, and William and Arthur of the generation preceding his. Stratford Hall touches every period of American history. Consequently the Directors of the Lee Foundation find wherever they turn new springs of interest, fresh flowing ideas and inspiration from a thousand varied sources. The interest of the whole world can be commanded when the full story of Stratford comes to be told.

When the extraordinary accomplishments of Mrs. Lanier and her associate directors in this work are reviewed, the question frequently arises: How did the work originate? Who started it? How and when was the first seed planted?

As the former historian and research worker of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation I have been asked to reply to these queries. The incident itself is slight by comparison with what has been done since by others. The record is simply this: in the progress of certain historical researches I was making in the Spring of 1928 connected with the Washington family, I revisited Mount Vernon and planned to motor to Wakefield and to Stratford. My home was in Greenwich, Connecticut, at that time and Mrs. Lanier gave me a letter of introduction to her girlhood friend, the Tennessee Vice-Regent for Mount Vernon, Mrs. Horace Van Deventer.

My Maryland cousins from old Eastern Shore Mrs. Margaret Tilghman Marye and her son Tench Tilghman Marye, offered to motor me to Virginia We left Washington on a pleasant Sunday in May. After a picnic lunch and a quiet hour in that little grove of cedars on the banks of historic Pope's Creek we continued on our way. To me it was all untraveled ground. Beyond Stratford's being the birthplace of Robert E. Lee, a circumstance I had but recently learned, I knew nothing whatever about the history of the place. I was not prepared for the excitement and emotion which overwhelmed me at the first view of the house. It seemed almost human, old and sad and desolate and proud. It was part of the ages gone and was fast going back into those lost ages. There it stood, like a person who has long outlived his time and all his friends. Yet with robust courage, grave dignity, and eternal patience was waiting—alone—for the end. Just to see it there—like that—almost broke one's heart. A memory of England passed strangely over me as I stood silent before the great house, sense of some far off deserted villege of Mediaeval times, the quiet houses with their brooding roofs, broken chimneys and ancient brick walls with colors like fallen leaves. That such a place should be saved for America and for the world was the feeling that I had. That it was the birthplace of General Lee was, in my mind, secondary to the fact that here stood a strange, mysterious and glorious place that in itself was a heritage to the American people worth their having and holding till the end of time.

Upon returning to Washington I thought of just one thing: what could be done about it. Because General Lee was born there I felt the United Daughters of the Confederacy would be the logical organization to approach. I knew that Mrs. Lanier was President of one of its smallest and youngest chapters, William Alexander, Jr. Chapter. Accordingly I wrote to her making the suggestion the idea of purchasing Stratford as the birthplace of General Lee, and restoring it, like Mount Vernon as a national shrine. A reply came instantly; Mrs. Lanier said she was deeply interested, would like me to secure details relative to the purchase of Stratford: that something very strange had happened to her the day before my letter arrived, an incident related to my idea—she would tell me all about it on my return. Within another week I was at her home and she told me of the incident. In the room occupied by the widow of the poet Sidney Lanier, her husband's invalid father, a desk had to be repaired. Mrs. Lanier was removing the letters and papers and ran across the original draft of an address by Sidney Lanier which he had delivered to the citizens of Macon, Georgia, at a memorial meeting in 1870 following the death of General Lee. The address presented the following resolution: "Resolved: That we invite our countrymen to unite in some enduring testimonial to the stainless life and glorious services of our departed General and that in the judgment of this meeting such monument would assume its best propriety in the form of a great Hall of Fame to be built by such voluntary contributions as shall be within the compass of the humblest citizen who loved him and who desires the greatful privilege of laying some tribute on his tomb." There was no mention of Stratford in this address, but Mrs. Lanier considered that the suggestion coming in my letter almost sim-

ultaneously with the finding of the MSS, was a mystic circumstance and that "Stratford Hall" was the actual interpretation of the poets phrase, "the Hall of Fame."

She placed the poet's address and my brief letter before the Chapter. I was invited to attend the meeting when action was taken authorizing me to secure further information about Stratford and to outline the proposition in detail.

The fact that Stratford should be saved because it was General Lee's birthplace was to Mrs. Lanier the first, the primal—I might say perhaps—her only consideration at that time. Her mother, Mary Alexander Field, for whose sake and for whose happiness she had formed that little Greenwich Chapter, had grown up in the worship of Robert E. Lee. Mrs. Lanier herself, as a girl in Louisville, Kentucky, had received as a certain birthright the same personal feeling and love for General Lee. It has been the spring of all her works and prayers for Stratford then and now. Such worship of his memory is a part of her being. My father, as an officer in the United States Army, fought against General Lee, but always revered him. By means of the Stratford researches I have knowledge of General Lee and love for him that otherwise I would never have had.

An option to purchase Stratford was secured by Mrs. Lanier during that summer, as a chapter project to be offered to the general organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at their November Convention scheduled that year for Houston, Texas. The option was to expire at the close of the Convention.

Meanwhile I gave up all other work and started the researches into Stratford's history and the history of the Lees who had lived there, and asked that the first preliminary engineering and architectural survey be made so that we could have exact information. At each meeting of the Chapter during 1928 and 1929, I read the correspondence received and reported results in the progress of the investigation, the researches and the surveys. At a meeting held at the Greenwich home of the Chapter's Historian, Mrs. John D. Boyle I was invited to become an associate member of the Chapter. I explained that I could join their group only as "a Union Man" and as such was accepted.

The revelations brought forth through the researches entranced me further. I shared them all with Mrs. Lanier. Her heart was as deeply touched as mine over the romance and glory of the ancient place. The stories of the patriot sons of Thomas and Hannah Lee stirred our minds. When I compiled the references to Stratford made by General Lee in his letters and certain aspects of the Colonial and Revolutionary history of the place in brief study for submission to a publisher these "revelations" so deeply interested Mrs. Lanier, that her first desire, born out of the mystic happening, became I believe further strengthened and planted in resolve.

It was then late in the fall and in order to get the information out in time for the November Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Houston, Texas, the William Alexander, Jr. Chapter decided to have it printed immediately. Mrs. Lanier thought that the general organization would receive with enthusiasm this first printed record of the story of Stratford and that it would help to crystallize the proposition, which she planned to offer. So the booklet, "Stratford on the Potomac" was published in which appeared the Memorial Address of Sidney Lanier, the historical sketch of Stratford Hall, and the preliminary outline of the details of the purchase plan. In drawing up these facts I tried to look far ahead into the years: to see the vanished gardens and the orchards bloom again; The Stratford landing, the Old Mill, the Warehouses restored; the ancient Library of the classics recovered; the arts and in-

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THE "HOME HOUSE" OF THE VIRGINIA LEES

General Lee's Letter to Lord Acton

THIS letter written in 1866, while General Lee was President of Washington College (now Washington and Lee University), is the more important because written to a foreign correspondent to whom Gen. Lee could state his views freely, with the utmost candor and without the necessity for cautious reticence, which the conditions at that time in this country made it the part of good judgment and of patriotism to observe.

The letter, as found in Lord Acton's Correspondence, Volume I, pages 302 to 305, follows:

"Lexington, Vir., Dec., 1866.

Sir,—although your letter of the 4th ulto. has been before me some days unanswered I hope you will not attribute it to a want of interest, but to my inability to keep pace with my correspondence. As a citizen of the South, I feel deeply indebted to you for the sympathy you have evinced in its cause and am conscious that I owe your kind consideration of myself to my connection with it. The influence of current opinion in Europe upon the current politics of America must always be salutary; and the importance of the questions now at issue in the United States, involving not only constitutional government in this country, but the progress of universal liberty and civilization, invests your proposition with peculiar value, and will add to the obligation which every true American must owe you for your efforts to guide that opinion aright. Amid the conflicting statements and sentiments in both countries, it will be no easy task to discover the truth, or to relieve it from the mass of prejudice and passion, with which it has been covered by party spirit. I am conscious of the compliment conveyed in your request for my opinion as to the light in which American politics should be viewed, and had I the ability, I have not the time to enter upon a discussion, which was commenced by the founders of the constitution and has been continued to the present day. I can only say that while I have considered the preservation of the constitutional power of the General Government to be the foundation of our peace and safety at home and abroad, I yet believe that the maintenance of the rights and authority reserved to the state and to the people not only essential to the adjustment and balance of the general system, but the safeguard to the continuance of a free government. I consider it as the chief source of stability to our political system, whereas the consolidation of the States into one vast republic, sure to be aggressive abroad and despotic at home, will be the certain precursor of that ruin which has overwhelmed all those that have preceded it.

I need not refer one so well acquainted as you are with American history to the State papers of Washington and Jefferson, the representatives of the federal and democratic parties, denouncing consolidation and centralization of power, as tending to the subversion of State Government and to despotism. The New England States, whose citizens are the fiercest opponents of the Southern states, did not always avow the opinions they now advocate. Upon the purchase of Louisiana by Jefferson, they virtually asserted the right of secession through their prominent men; and in the convention which assembled at Hartford in 1814, they threatened the disruption of the Union unless the war should be discontinued. The assertion of this right has been repeatedly made by their politicans when their party was weak, and Massachusetts, the leading state in hostility to the South, declares in the preamble to her constitution, that the people of that commonwealth 'have the sole exclusive right of governing themselves as a free sovereign and independent state, and do, and forever hereafter shall, exercise and enjoy every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not, or may hereafter be by them expressly delegated to the United States of America in Congress assembled.' Such has been in substance the language of other governments, and such the doctrine advocated by the leading men of the country for the last seventy years. Judge Chase, the present Chief Justice of the United States, as late as 1850, is reported to have stated in the Senate, of which he was a member, that he 'knew of no remedy in case of the refusal of a state to perform its stipulations,' thereby acknowledging the sovereignty and independence of state action. But I will not weary you with the unprofitable discussion. Unprofitable because the judgement of reason has been displaced by the arbitrament of war, waged for the purpose as avowed of maintaining the union of the states. If therefore, the result of the war is to be considered as having decided that the union of the states is inviolable and perpetual under the constitution, it naturally follows that it is as incompetent for the general government to impair its integrity by the exclusion of a state, as for the states to do so by secession; and that the existence and right of a state by the constitution are as indestructible as

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Poetry Page

Stonewall Jackson

The Dupree Prize, $10.00 for Best Poem on Stonewall Jackson, won by Mrs. William Younge, of New Orleans, La., was awarded for the following poem.

Grit with valor, helmed with glory
Where his falchion shed its beam
Hearts have quailed as foemen scattered
Blinded by its battle-gleam.
Never braver knight hath wielded
Weapon in defense of Right
Never purer blade been sheathed
Shrouded in eternal night.

"Stonewall", How wild hosts proclaimed him
Every man a comrade true
Staunch and firm as old Gibraltar
Fending onward surge of Blue,
Gentle, tender as a woman,
When some hero met his end
Kneeling mid the storm and wreckage
Praying for a dying friend.

Swooping like avenging eagle
To repay the ruthless deed
How his brave men cheered their idol
Urging on his foam-flecked steed!
Where the battle raged the fiercest
With the lightning in its sheen
Flashed the sword of Stonewall Jackson
Shone the grandeur of his mein.

Glory marked him on the forehead
With the Chrism of the brave
Not a comrade in the bivouac
Not a martyr in the grave
But to God and man bore witness
To such deathless deeds sublime
As shall live in song and story
Echoed down the vast of time.

South, North, East and West, breathbated
Heard the stricken leader's call
Heard the groan that rocked his Southland
With remorse no tongue may tell
Heard the death-words of the soldier
While the gushing crimson sprayed
Crisp command, then, softly whispered
"Let us cross—rest in the shade!"
O the anguish of a people
As the precious life-stream spilled
O the pity of that going
With the knight-vow unfulfilled.
Ages unborn when the epic
Of the Sixties shall be sung
He shall loom a tragic figure
With the Star-Cross round him flung.

Foot Cavalry

Dedicated to The Virginia Military Institute

Onward, in support of Lee,
Jackson's men, Foot Cavalry!
Marching nights, you strike by day,
Striking hard, the foe gives way,
Then old "Bluelight" halts to pray
For your slain and those you slay.

Little time for song or snack,
Little time for bivouac,
Pressing on, then doubling back,
Striking in surprise attack,
Onward! in support of Lee,
Jackson's men, Foot Cavalry!

Never routed from the field,
Never yours the thought to yield;
Heedless of your wounds unhealed,
Battling for the homes you shield,
Onward! in support of Lee,
Jackson's men, Foot Cavalry!

Onward with your battle cry!
Forward, you who dare to die!
Marching, charging, standing by;
Falling, where the foremost lie,
Onward! in support of Lee,
Jackson's men, Foot Cavalry!

Gaunt-eyed legion, Jackson's men,
You who fought the fight so well,
You who charged with rebel yell
Into shrapnel, shot and shell,
You would storm the Gates of Hell
Could old "Stonewall" lead again!

—Henry Lee Smith

Lee Before Appomattox

All green and tender spread the fields that morn
As Lee, the soldier brave, rode slowly by
On Traveller that seemed to scorn
The moods of men who feared to fight and die!
Hight contrast then to that of General Lee
Who looked so humble, brave and kind.
Eight thousand men would soon surrendered be
And Fitz-Lee's cavalry came not far behind!
Two thousand sabres flashing in the April air.
Told Lee that men once more would dare for him!
But as they looked upon that brow so fair
The clouds beneath the sun were hushed and dim!
There must have flashed into the mind of Lee
A vision sad, of homes of misery!

Two armies waited for a Grant and Lee,
One far upon the high, high hills
And one in vales as far as eye could see—
While o're the scene, sang forth the rippling rills
To men grown weary of War's toil, and strife,
Of chartless roads, of guns, and loneliness,
Gray skies, and grayer days, and such a life!
They longed for firesides bright through deep distress
For heavens fair, where tempests never marred;
For humble homes—dear harbors, clear and deep—
Those weary men, all taut, and battle scarred
Were waiting, waiting, there in shadows deep—
Do scenes like this aweaken memory?
Tell me, brave men, who knew Immortal Lee!

"The Lady With A Lamp"

Who Directs the Behavior of Thousands of Women in the General Convention

By ROSA CALDWELL MANN

Mrs. Emma A. Fox, most beloved club woman in Detroit, in all Michigan in fact, author of "Parliamentary usage" and teacher of parliamentary law since 1890, is parliamentarian for the United Daughters of the Confederacy, having served this organization since 1917, The National Woman's Party, The General Federation of Woman's Clubs, The American Nurses Association, and has served, for the Daughters of the American Revolution many times.

Mrs. Fox teaches parliamentary law as a correct means to real values. She is a student. She is not content with memorizing arbitrary rules but studies for herself, and encourages her pupils to study, the underlying principles of parliamentary law. She goes back to the Magna Charta and the beginning of the English Parliament to understand the reasons why the mass of rules, now universally accepted, as parliamentary law, have come into existence.

"I used to attend meetings where scholarly men, with college training and background—would be in doubt over points of procedure. It occurred to me that they should know what to do," and that is how her work was born.

Mrs. Fox organized and, instructed the first class of this kind.

In 1899 she organized, The Parliamentary Law Club of which she is still president. Here you will meet officers and members of every group in the city, who present a kaleidoscopic set of questions and problems rivaling in interest any play, perhaps being more like those who gathered to study and to learn from the philosophers of old—"Our whole life is a life of compromise", says Mrs. Fox. "Use reason, we cannot appreciate a joke unless we understand something behind, and just so with anything"—"We cannot disarm because we can't trust other nations. The Hague, Geneva, is not a success because countries can't trust each other. What is true of countries is true of individuals". "Sometimes ere on the side of leniency!" "I teach you to keep out of trouble. When you get in you have to get out yourself." At eighty-seven she has the youngest, freshest viewpoint of us all.

Mrs. Fox has always been interested in women, and the activities of women. She appreciates each woman where she is, instead of criticising her from her own heights, appreciates not only her contribution but her effort, and encourages her to higher things. That is why this 'Lady with a Lamp' is adored of club women.

Emma A. Fox—Author and Teacher of Parliamentary Law

Mrs. Fox thinks persons should be trained for governmental positions. It does not make any difference whether man or woman, if fitted for the position.

Ever so often Mrs. Fox takes a morning to expound to her classes the constitution of the United

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The Main Street of the South

ANNE V. MANN

GENERAL LEE KNEW STUDENTS BY NAME

An article by Dr. S. M. Johnson director of the Lee Highway Association appeared in a recent issue of the Rockbridge County News and because of its rare interest it is given in its entirety.

At 7 p. m. Nov. 26 I called to see Mr. L. C. Strider owner of three lots very close to the west side of Fort Myer Military Reservation just across the Potomac river from Washington. These lots were within the right-of-way for the Lee boulevard approach to the Arlington Memorial Bridge and my object was to open negotiations to secure title to Virginia, as the state is ready to let contract for the construction of the bridge approach.

I was received by Mr. Strider, eighty seven years old, son of a Confederate veteran, a Virginian of the Virginians, clear eyed, steady voiced, mentality unimpaired, a personalty so gracious and charming that, instead of taking up my business, I spent three hours in delightful conversation with one of the most interesting men I have met and with his charming daughter.

I wrote down as material for such use the following story just as he told it to me. Nothing I have heard has given me a deeper sense of the nobility of the man.

"In September, 1868 I entered Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, at Lexington. Less than 30 days after school opened I was walking through the campus toward General Lee's residence. General Lee came out of the house and on reaching me he stopped, grasped my hand cordially and said. 'Howdy do, Mr. Strider'; I was only one of five hundred and sixty-five boys and I was amazed that he should notice me. An older brother of mine was one of the professors and when I told him about it, he said, 'within thirty days of the opening of the school, General Lee knows every student by name."

Is it any wonder that those who came in contact with this noble man admired, revered, adored him?

This experience of mine will explain the success of Lee Highway association. I will have no difficulty in getting those three lots for right-of-way for Lee boulevard, probably as a donation, for I have met none who do not count it a privilege to help to build a fitting and worthy memorial to the great Southerner.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA TO MEMORIALIZE DR. REED

The rooms which were the homes of Edgar Allan Poe and Woodrow Wilson while students at the University of Virginia have been marked.

Another tablet will be added to the list for the room occupied by another distinguished Virginian will soon be placed, if not already placed by this time. This Virginian was none other than Dr. Walter Reed through whose efforts twenty-three nations of the earth were freed from the annual scourge of yellow fever, whose toll each year, it is said, equalled the losses of the American forces in the World War, Dr. Reed was the son of a Methodist minister, and in the fall of 1868, his father having been transferred from Charlottesville to another field of labor, young Reed, then a student at the University, moved from the parsonage to the home of a kinsman, Dr. R. B. Dice next door. Here he resided until he received his degree in medicine from the university, and it is this residence that will be preserved to posterity as the home of this distinguished and heroic alumnus of this institution of learning.

Two brothers of Dr. Reed also attended the University of Virginia. Christopher and James C. Reed. The latter served all through the War Between the States and as a result lost one arm.

After the close of the war he entered the ministry of the Methodist church and for over sixty years proclaimed the gospel of Christ. During that time he occupied many positions of prominence in the administration of church affairs. He is now living in retirement at Blackstone at the advanced age of 92 years.

He is chaplain of A. P. Hill camp of Petersburg, Virginia and is always present at the banquet on the birthday of his great commander Robert E. Lee. His prayers on these occasions are in themselves benedictions and are always to be remembered for they truly teem with that faith and love which are constant companions of this great soldier of the Cross.

WILL ROGERS AND IRVIN COBB BECOME BONA-FIDE DAUGHTERS

In recognition of their excellent services to the Confederacy through the book and motion picture "Judge Priest" Stonewall Jackson chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy of Richmond recently extended Will Rogers and Irvin Cobb invitations to become honorary life members of the chapter, both men being descendants of Confederate Veterans. Will Rogers reply was characteristic and came in the form of a telegram which reads as follows:

"I sure do appreciate you folk's offer. My, think of ever being able to belong to something in Richmond, Virginia. That's getting aristocracy fast. Don't let Cobb in, that would lower the tone of the whole thing. Many thanks.—Will Rogers"

Mr. Cobb's acceptance, while couched in a more dignified vein showed the same deep appreciation of the honor. It says: "My Dear Ladies. Your previous letter to me must have gone astray. I am delighted that the members of Stonewall Jackson chapter U. D. C. endorsed "Judge Priest" and I shall accept with a deep sense of honor and pride and gratitude the distinguished service medal which you so graciously bestowed upon me.

The name of Stonewall Jackson means much to our family, not alone because my people served in the Confederacy, but because a young staff officer of his, a kinsman of my father, died by his leader's side on Virginia soil.

With expressions of sincerest thanks. I am yours most cordially, Irvin Cobb."

DAME RUMOR SAYS SOUTH LOSES A POINT IN MUSIC

Dame Rumor has been pretty busy lately and her latest edict is that in the matter of music at least, the South has lost a point. When the matter was sifted out it was discovered it was all because of a new word in the dictionary, and that word is JAZZ.

Words of all sorts and kinds are in the dictionary as most all of us know, but how they are there is another matter. Jazz though it was in almost universal use was without its pale and before it could be included something had to be known about its "genealogy" For a long long time Jazz was said to be derived from the tradition or legend of "Chas" a mythological leader of a negro orchestra in New Orleans, and so the word became regarded as Southern born. But when Jazz reached the heights enough to be deemed worthy of a place in the dictionary, then all of this became changed. Professor Harold H. Bender, head of the department of Oriental language at Princeton University has had the honor of tracking down the original word for Webster's New International dictionary. From this, so it is said, we learn that jazz is a good old West Africa word which came with the slaves to Colonial America and became later incorporated in the Creole patois. When it meant "hurry up," and when you think upon flying feet to its accompaniment it has lost none of its meaning.

But when one stops and considers jazz, its blatant tones, its various gyrations, its contortions, it may be that the South in the matter of music has not lost a point, but gained a point.

It's just the way you look at a thing like this after all.

CHIMES AND CLOCK PRESENTED COUNTY MEMORIAL TO DR. HENDERSON

Business ceased in Greenwood, Mississippi, December 27th as a tribute to the late Dr. T. R. Henderson during the hour in which a memorial clock and chimes were formally presented to the people of Leflore county.

Presentation services were held in the court room in the presence of a crowded audience, who themselves were present as a tribute to one who had lived and worked for the community for more that three quarters of a century.

Hon. W. T. Rich, president of the Leflore County Board of Supervisors, presided over the ceremony, and presented Dr. J. M. Bradley, pastor of the First Methodist church, who delivered the invocation.

Mr. Rich presented Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, donor of the clock and chimes, who presented the gift to the people of the county as a memorial to her husband.

Mrs. Henderson in presenting the clock, and the chimes said: "It seems to me that the only appropriate memorial to one who served greatly, Leflore county and Greenwood, is something from which all their citizens will be benefited, old and young, rich and poor, white and black, saint and sinner. Therefore it pleases me greatly that I am now presenting to you, through their representatives, this clock and chimes, with the prayer they ring out hourly:

Lord through this hour,
Be thou our guide
So by Thy power
No foot shall slide.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Henderson's presentation the chimes stroked noon, while the audience sat in silence as the memorial bells pealed their quarterly hour prayer.

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Message of President-General

Dear Daughters:

This message will come to you as a New Year Greeting.

And with my best wishes. As we face the tasks of 1935 I hope that you will join me in pledging our best effort to whatever lies before us. One day at a time is all any of us have. In it, so runs an old adage, and a true one, lies all that we can claim as our own, for yesterday is a dream, and tomorrow is a vision, but each day well lived makes yesterday a dream of happiness and tomorrow a vision of hope.

* * * *

The U. D. C. Convention, just passed, marks a new chapter in our history, in as much as it was the first ever held in a Northern City, and that it was a celebration of our 40th Anniversary. The former put our work before the world in a way that was most gratifying, and the latter was in every respect a fitting anniversary. The Associated Press and the New York Papers followed our proceedings daily.

* * * *

The minutes will be in your hands almost as soon as this message and you will read for yourselves of the much constructive work undertaken and finished. The birthday party was successful beyond our fondest hopes. The total amount was $3,140.00 much of it designated for the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund. This has enabled us to pay all debts against this committee and to restore for the immediate future the original amounts for each of our pensioners, which to the regret of us all had to be reduced last summer. The 1934-35 pledges from the divisions at the convention amounted to approximately $1,000 more than those of 1933-34. These, if redeemed by each Division will mean that our beneficiaries will continue to be comfortable and happy, and the reconstruction measure successful. This is very heartening to me.

* * * *

The next annual convention will be held in the Arlington Hotel, Hot Springs, Ark., November 19-23, 1935. After this year there will never be any confusion or embarrassment over invitations for our annual meeting, as the trial plan to finance these was worked out successfully in New York. Thus another reconstruction measure has proved practical and satisfactory. It took some courage to be sure to try it out, but we know now how to provide for the future. It comes about by universal demand for a registration fee. This will provide the entertainment committee in any city, where we elect to meet, with funds sufficient to take care of the convention and a resolution was presented and recommended by the convention to take care of this. This is being sent to each division president who will take it before her division for action and if adopted will finance all future meetings and perhaps leave a nice balance in the general treasury. Beside this it leaves us in position to place conventions in sections where these are most needed.

* * * *

RESOLUTION:

Be it hereby resolved that the United Daughters of the Confederacy, in convention assemble at ———— on the ———— day of ———— does hereby adopt the registration fee plan in connection with the financing of entertainment for all if its future; that the amount of such registration fee shall be $2.00 for each delegate, and $2.00 for each alternate and visitors attending the convention.

AND THAT such registration fee shall be collected and retained by the host city entertainment committee.

It is understood, however, that any surplus payment of all bills for entertainment of the convention, shall be paid into the treasury of this association.

* * * *

A constructive change has been made in the status of our official Executive Committee. This came about when the amendment adopted at Baltimore, 1933, took effect this year, in the election of a second vice president general, who automatically becomes our chairman of education. Mrs. J. C. Abernathy was elected to this office and her experience as the efficient chairman of committee on education makes her a happy choice.

From this time forward the educational work, one of the largest that we do, will have its official representation on the executive committee.

The duties of the first Vice President General have also been automatically changed by this meas-

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Give Radio Program at General Convention

A Surprise Feature at Close of Historical Evening

Taken after the special performance presented on Historical evening before the annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the above photograph shows, left to right: John Griggs, as Randy Claymore; Mrs. John H. Anderson, Historian General of the U. D. C.; Douglas S. Freeman, publisher and biographer: Mrs. W. E. Massey, President General of the U. D. C.; Miss Helen Claire, as Betty Graham; and H. L. Clinkscales, member of the Charles B. Knight Agency and Commander of the New York Chapter of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. A special script was written dedicated to the Historian General, U. D. C., Mrs. Anderson, (used at this time.) Miss Claire and Mr. Claymore are of Southern ancestry, Alabama and Virginia and in their costumes of the Sixties lent color to the Historical evening.

Lillian and Nell Britt, sopranos, in Costume recital", Song Pictures of the Old South", and they appeared at the National U. D. C. Convention at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York City. These sisters are from Tifton Georgia, living at present in Philadelphia, and have given their picturesque recital depicting the musical life of the cultured families of the Old South, in some fourteen states in the last two or three years. They have been a feature of the annual celebration of Robert E. Lee Week at the Greenbriar Hotel in White Sulphur Springs W. Va. for the past two seasons.

U. D. C. HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

MRS. WALTER D. LAMAR, Macon, Ga., Historian General

To The United Daughters of the Confederacy:

In accepting the trust imposed so unexpectedly when the New York Convention unanimously chose me to head the Historical Department, I bring as my best asset the certainty of your co-operation. My background of Confederate ancestry, my love of all that may do honor and reverence thereto, and my determination to help toward the full light of that day when "Time shall have softened passion and prejudice." guarantee my conscientious application to the work before me.

The general subject for the year ahead is to be Jefferson Davis, Statesman and Soldier, first establishing his inspiration from the Constitution of the United States, its origin, its variations, its changes from time to time, on through the great opportunities that Mr. Davis used to serve his country even unto and through the "parting of the ways."

There is never any danger that Lee and Jackson and the other military leaders of the Confederacy will lack honors due, for there is an aurora about a successful soldier which carries imperishable glory with both friend and foe. I have long felt a great desire to bring about better understanding concerning Jefferson Davis. The avalanche of publicity, to which our own people have added tremendously in behalf of the glorification of President Lincoln has well nigh crushed activities in behalf of the President of the Confederacy.

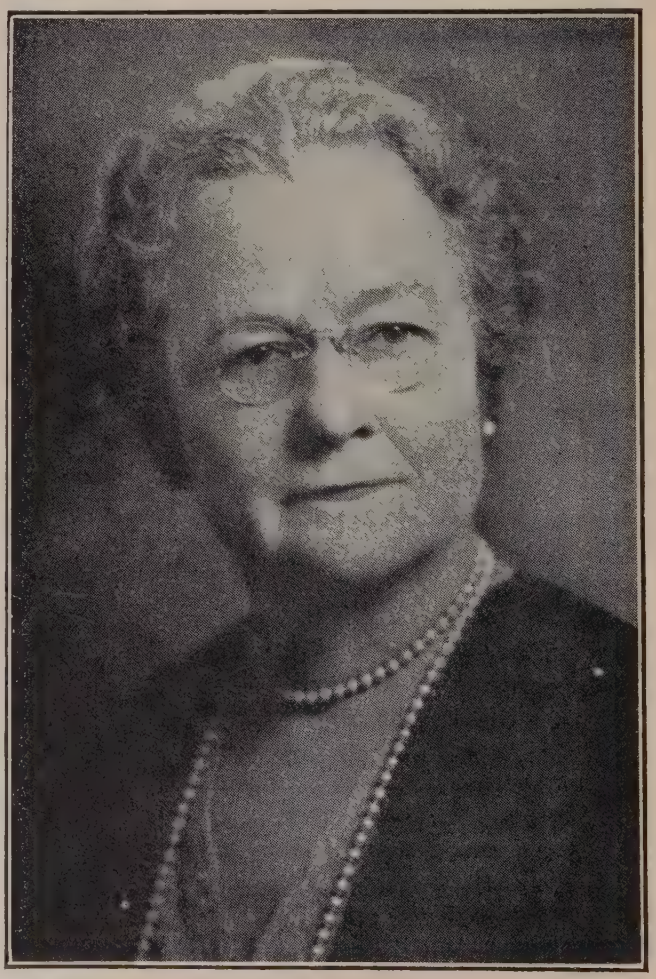
There seems to be, I regret to say, a fear that in clarifying the facts about Mr. Davis we may endanger the popularity and power of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. There seems to be a fear that we cannot honor Davis without dishonoring Lincoln. Let us rid ourselves of this complex. Let us convince ourselves where necessary and bring the truth unto those who look to us for making clear the way for a proper estimate of Jefferson Davis.

That all U. D. C. do not need to be instructed is gratifying, but so long as there remains a single teacher of the children of the South, so long as Southern orators from platform and pulpit exploit the deeds and words of Lincoln to the exclusion of proper estimate of Davis just so long does the proper estimate of Davis, become the business of U. D. C.

The fact that Davis had bitter enemies among his own people is not to his discredit. No character of worth can fail to be positive in view and no true thinker is happy until his side is chosen and for that he must fight with an intelligent concience for guide.

In planning for this year of study under the direction of the history department, I am about to combine for your benefit, interest in two of our major undertakings.

The President General has graciously consented to allow me to continue my work for you as Chairman of the Committee for the Advancement of Lanier for the Hall of Fame and because of the tremendous effort we are to put forward this year to complete the U. D. C. fund for the pur-



MRS. WALTER D. LAMAR
Historian General, U. D. C.

chase of Stratford, the birthplace of Robert E. Lee, I have decided to give place on all my recommended programs for something pertaining to both of those great ends.

In the purchase and beautification of Stratford, the birthplace of Robert E. Lee, we link together the names of two stainless knights of the Confederacy. Sidney Lanier proposed shortly after General Lee's death that the South unite in establishing, as a memorial to its great leader, a shrine, in the building of which each and all might take part. Lee himself yearned to purchase Stratford and live there with his family. Thus, the ambition of Lanier and the dear wish of General Lee are met in the purchase and restoration of this historic old place on the Potomac.

May the study of President Davis, General Lee and Lanier, the poet, Prophet and soldier during coming year be an inspiration that shall result in better knowledge of Davis, visible evidence of our love of Lee and keener appreciation of the genius of Lanier.

Wishing for you a year of usefulness as a citizen of the republic by virtue of your loyalty to the Confederacy.

I am yours to command
Eugenia Dorothy Blount Lamar

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GENERAL HISTORICAL PRIZES FOR 1935

THE RAINES BANNER—To the Division reporting the best Historical work for the year, along all lines. Given in memory of Mrs. L. H. Raines.

THE SIDNEY LANIER PRIZE.—Ten dollars for the best publicity by any State toward advancing the name of Sidney Lanier, Poet-Musician, for the 1935 election to the Hall of Fame of New York University, Given by Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, Macon, Ga. Chairman of the Lanier Committee, U. D. C.

THE JEANNE FOX WEINMAN CUP.—To the Division reporting the best historical work accomplished in schools (according to percentage of membership of Division)

THE JOHN A. PERDUE LOVING CUP.—For copy of most interesting and original Diary of a Confederate Soldier or woman of the 60's. Must be accompanied by affidavit from contestant, stating it to be a true copy, and never published.

THE THOMAS B. OSBORNE CUP.—For best collection of Incidents of Heroism of Southern men and women during the War Between the States. Submit to Historian General. Given annually by Mrs. John L. Woodbury of Kentucky, in memory of her father, a soldier of the Confederacy.

THE WILLIAM JACKSON WALKER CUP.—To the Chapter placing the greatest number of books on Southern History and Literature, with the official U. D. C. book plate in each in any library (school or town). Offered by Mrs. R. B. Broyles of Alabama, in memory of her father, a Captain under Gen. N. B. Forest.

(Book plates may be bought from Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Louisville, Ky.) Chapters must report numbers of books and plates to the Division Historians, who submit to Historian General.

FIVE DOLLARS—For the best historical scrapbook exhibited at the 1935 Convention, U. D. C. Given by Mrs. C. Marshall Mitchell of the Ohio Division.

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PRIZES OFFERED BY SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

SILVER LOVING CUP.—Given the Division for the most subscriptions before November Convention.

SILVER VASE—To individual sending in greatest number of subscriptions to The Southern Magazine, 1935.

$5.00—To Division placing greatest number of Southern Magazines in Schools and Libraries.

SILVER CUP—To C. of C. Division sending in greatest number of subscriptions. This cup to be competed for year after year.

$10.00—Poetry Prize given by Grace Dupree Ridings. See offer in this issue.

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ESSAY PRIZES

(For Members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy

THE MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD CUP—For the best criticism of a History or Biography dealing with the periods of the War Between the States or Reconstruction. Given by the U. D. C. in memory of an honored Past Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford of Athens, Georgia.

HYDE CAMPBELL LOVING CUP.—For the best review of R. E. Lee by Dr. Douglas Freeman, offered by Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, Charleston, S. C.

THE FERGUSON PRIZE.—$15.00 to be awarded to the Division Historian reporting the placing of the largest number of Dr. Freemon's R. E. Lee in schools or public libraries.

THE SMITH PRIZE.—Ten dollars to be given by the Wadesboro Chapter in honor of Mrs. John H. Anderson, to be known as the William A. Smith prize—subject—"Southern History and Literature."

THE JAMES PINCKNEY HARRIS CUP.—Offered by Miss Cora Harris for the best essay on the subject of "Jefferson Davis the Statesman", the cup to be retained by the winner.

THE ORREN RANDOLPH SMITH PRIZE.—Twenty-five dollars for best essay on "Woman writers of the South during and following the War Between the States." Given by his daughter, Miss Jessica R. Smith.

THE ANNA ROBINSON ANDREWS MEDAL—For the best catechism or questionnaire on "History and Accomplishments of the U. D. C. in its forty years."

THE YATES MEDAL—Ten dollars for essay on Confederate newspapers. Given in memory of William James Yates, Editor 1856-1886, by his daughter, Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte, N. C.

THE ADELLA DUNOVANT CUP.—For essay on "John C. Calhoun, Apostle of States Rights." Given annually by Mrs. W. E Calhoun, in memory of her sister, a former Chairman of the History Committee, U. D. C.

THE NUCKOLS PRIZE—Ten dollars for essay on "The Enduring Spirit of Robert E. Lee." Given in memory of Howard Jacob Nuckols of Virginia, by his wife, Katherine Stiles Nuckols.

TEN DOLLARS—For best sketch showing the descent of R. E. Lee from the Barrons of Runnymede. Given by Mrs. DeClare Berry, Washington, D. C.

ROBERTS MEDAL—For second best essay in the contest for members of U. D. C.

* * * *

Essay Prizes Open To Those Outside The United Daughters of the Confederacy As Well As To These Members. College Students Included

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS—For essay on "The Value of Southern History and Traditions to the Nation." Offered by the New York Southern Society through Mr. Garland Powell Peed, Secretary.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS—For best play bringing out truths of Southern history. Offered by Mrs. Jackson Breandt of Baltimore, Md.

FIFTEEN DOLLARS—For best essay on "Plantation Life in the Old South" offered by Mrs. James Henry Parker, President of the New York Chapter, U. D. C.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS—For essay on "The South's Rightful Place in History and Literature." Given in memory of Miss Mary Lou Gordon White of Tennessee, by her sister, Mrs. L. C. W. Hood.

TEN DOLLARS—For best poem on Stonewall Jackson. Offered by Mrs. A. L. Ridings, retiring Historian of Texas Division, in memory of her parents, Captain and Mrs. J. E. Dupree.

TEN DOLLARS—For essay on "The Military Genius of Stonewall Jackson." Offered by Miss Julia M. Wintz, Charleston, West Virginia, in honor of her father, John Wm. Wintz.

TEN DOLLARS—For essay on "Early Education in the South." Given by Mrs. C. C. Clay, of California, in honor of her husband.

ONE DOZEN STRATFORD PLATES (Wedgewood)—Offered by Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, in honor of her mother, Mrs. James H. Blount, a war bride of the sixties, to the Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy which makes the largest contribution to the Stratford fund during the year of dedication—1935. Plates may be auctioned singly, by winner as souvenirs or sold to individual as a set.

* * * *

FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS ONLY

THE HOWARD STILES NUCKOLS PRIZE—Twenty dollars for essay on "The Enduring Spirit of Robert E. Lee." Offered by Mrs. Howard Jacob Nuckols of Richmond, in memory of her son, a former student at the University of Virginia.

* * * *

RULES FOR ESSAYS

1. Essays must not contain over 2,500 words, numbers stated at top left hand corner of page.

2. Must be typed, double spaced and signed with fictitious name. Real name, Chapter and address of writer placed in sealed envelope clipped to essay. Ontside of envelope fictitious name and subject of essay. Must keep carbon copies.

Ten points will be taken off from estimate of any essay as penalty for use of the words Civil War when speaking of the War Between the States. Winning essays kept by Historian General. Send stamp for return of others.

that I had begun to think of settling down and

WITH THE DIVISIONS

The
TEXAS DIVISION
Convention

United Daughters of
The Confederacy

Radio Station—T--E-- X. Mineral Wells, Crazy Waters Hotel, Headquarters of Confederate Organizations. Announcer Decca Lamar West.

CRAZY WATER HOTEL

Hello! Audience of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Friends, and fellow members.

In the proper time and place, there will be an official account of the Texas Division Convention report, but the only founder present, and for many years publicity chairman is claiming the privilege of broadcasting a few of the high-lights.

First, it was unique because it was a joint meeting-place of the three State Confederate organizations. Instead of being a confusing "three ring circus," as many of us thought it would be when we agreed to plan at the urgent request of the Veterans—it proved to be a happy possibility. Three Convention halls, and committee rooms were provided for the several organizations.

The joint meetings for the opening night, Presidents evening and Historical program was a great success, as it gave to the Veterans and Sons an opportunity they had never enjoyed before. Veterans and their wives who had accepted were entertained entirely by the Hotel management. Not only room and board for the three days and nights, but when it was discovered that about seventy-five Veterans and their attendants from the Confederate Home were detained at a station change, fifteen miles distant, the manager of the Hotel, Mayor of the city and their assistant hosts called for private cars, and the entire party were met at the aforesaid station and the detained party were transported to headquarters.

A special night session of the U. D. C. adjourned to go to the Administration lobby to give a royal welcome to the Veterans as they arrived, and entertained them informally with song and dance and rebel yell—'till they woke the echo's on the mountain sides beyond the prosperous little city's rim, where perches high an Army Post of Uncle Sam's Cavalry, the place once the haunt of fabled Indian Warriors—Mineral Wells. Like Hot Springs, Arkansas, and many another sheltered nook it was an Indian villege.

Beside the routine work of chapters and committees reports which showed good progress in many lines despite the exegencies of the times requiring almost every chapter and individual to have had local obligations in welfare work, many resolutions were adopted planning future work.

While the historical, educational scholarships were well up to standard, perhaps the outstanding adventure reported was the publication of the Catechism on the Confederate States of America, which received the endorsement of the General Historian and her committee when it won the Orrin Randolph Smith Medal offered in 1926. Mrs. Oscar Barthold of Weatherford was in charge of the illustration and publication of the book in which she has been actively interested for several years, realizing as most earnest workers and thinkers do, that our only hope of perpetuity lies in the interest we arouse in Children of the Confederacy.

When the Texas Division is reimbursed for the cost of the publication the proceeds from this first edition will be devoted to the Texas Division pro rata of the Stratford U. D. C. pledge.

By formal resolution the Texas Division ratified the action of the Executive Board in endorsing the candidacy of the Division President, Mrs. W. W. Turner for the office of the President General in 1935.

Another unique note was that almost at the hour the President of the United States was making his notable address at Williamsburg, Va., the Convention was presenting a Resolution of greeting, congratulating Mrs. Roosevelt on being typically American, and attributing her courage and democracy to her Southern heritage.

The President giving Williamsburg, Va. its rightful place historically in his world broadcast address, gave information to countless thousands, whom we in our effort to "right the many wrongs of history" have been unable to reach.

The resolution to Mrs. Roosevelt follows:

Believing that the pioneer blood of the famous Knickerbockers that settled New York and that

the Cavaliers of Virginia and Georgia unite to make Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of our illustrious President of the United States, a typical American woman, and

WHEREAS, we believe that Mrs. Roosevelt inherits much of her courage and patriotism from her Southern grandmother, who was Miss Bullock of Georgia,

THEREFORE, We extend to Mrs. Roosevelt our greetings and congratulations for her independent and democratic spirit, and pledge our love and loyalty, and pray for the continued success and welfare of our President and loyal helpmate.

Presented by Miss Decca Lamar West. Passed by the Texas Division. U. D. C., in Convention assembled at Mineral Wells, Texas, October 19, 1934.

A DIVISION DIGEST

The Kentucky Editor sends us the following interesting news concerning the Confederate Home at Pee Wee Valley, and other matters.

Governor Ruby Laffoon has appointed a Board to care for and maintain the five remaining Confederate Veterans in the Home at Pee Wee Valley, Kentucky. They have been removed to a private hospital as all are invalids. They will receive the best of care. The Board members are: Mrs. Minnie Isacs Stone, O'Bannon, Kentucky, Mrs. Parker Taylor, La Grange, Kentucky and Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, Louisville, Kentucky.

* * * *

Of 40,000 Kentuckians who wore the gray, only a few hundred survive. On August 1, there were only 79 veterans on the pension roll, and 566 widows; the average rate of decrease has been for the past six fiscal years 89 per year. In the past twenty-one fiscal years the State has paid out a total of $6,357,927.80 in Confederate pensions.

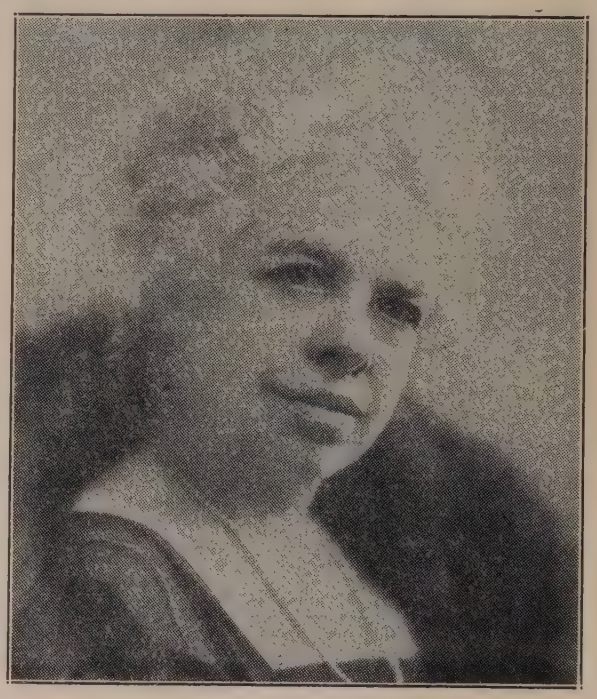
* * * *

The last surviving member of the John C. Breckenridge Camp U. C. V. John D. Walker, ninety-four years of age has filed suit in the Fayette Circuit Court as the last member, seeking to have the funds of the organization turned over to him. This fund has been in existence since shortly after the War Between the States for the purpose of aiding and caring for its members. The By-Laws providing that checks must be signed by two members. Since the death of Capt. J. Esten Keller, payment of the fund on checks signed by the one remaining member has been refused. Mr. Walker asks the court to appoint a receiver or trustee to distribute the fund to him.

The First Vice President of the Maryland Division U. D. C. Mrs. Adelbert W. Mears, attended the General Convention in New York, substituting for the Division President Mrs. John Martin Green, who is recovering from a serious illness. At a recent meeting of the Board, she was welcomed back, much to the delight of the entire Division.

The Board members of the Baltimore Chapter No. 8, extended a lovely "Tea" in honor of its retiring President Mrs. Henry J. Berkley and the in-coming President Mrs. Charles R. Posey. Mrs. Berkley has held the presidency of the chapter for a number of years. She was recently elected parliamentarian of the Maryland Division.

The Maryland Division is again assisting with the sale of The Maryland Tuberculosis Association Christmas Seals. Each year the Division has charge of all seal sales for one day in one of the Baltimore Department stores. This year U. D. C. day was the 14th of December.



MRS. ELSIE LATHROP LEWIS
President New York Division
Hostess to U. D. C. Convention in New York, 1934

During November, the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter held a very successful card party for the benefit of their benevolent work.

* * * *

As an impressive finale of the Tennessee Division Convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, which met at Columbia, was the unveiling of a monument erected at the grave of Mrs. Caroline Meriwether Goodlett, founder of the organization. Mt. Olive cemetery, Nashville. After the convention adjourned, a pilgrimage was made to Nashville for this ceremony. This gracious gesture was

MRS. MARCUS WADE CROCKER
First Vice-President-General

MRS. WILLIAM E. MASSEY
President-General, U. D. C.
Hot Springs, Ark.

MRS. JOHN W. GOODWIN, Allendale N. J.
Treasurer-General, U. D. C.

MRS. GLENN LONG, Newton, N. C.
Recording-Secretary-General, U. D. C.

made possible through the generosity of Tennessee's beloved president, Mrs. Frederick Morrow Greer, of Newport. As a further tribute to Mrs. Goodlett, Mrs. Greer presented a picture of her as favors at each place at the Division President's dinner on Tuesday night, at the Convention in New York and at the Historical Luncheon given on Wednesday noon at the same place.

* * * *

The annual Christmas meeting of Clifton Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, which was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Greer, was one of the events of the holiday season in Newport. Almost a full membership of the chapter was present and in addition a large number of invited guests. Miss Elizabeth Huff, president of the chapter, presided. The program was furnished by visitors from Bristol. Mrs. Alfred King had charge of the program, which consisted of musical numbers by a junior girls' quartet from the First Presbyterian Church at Bristol, and a reading by Mrs. Harry Martin of the dramatic arts department of Sullins College. Following the program, Mrs. Greer welcomed all to her home. She is the state president of the U. D. C. The hostess, at the conclusion of the program and her short talk, turned the meeting into what she termed "an old fashioned Methodist handshaking," and during this period everyone became acquainted with everyone else. It was a delightful gathering and was climaxed by the serving of refreshments.

* * * *

Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., Tacoma, Washington, marked the holiday season with a Christmas program and tea at the home of Mrs. Van R. Schermerhorn, 3704 North 32nd street. The hostess was assisted by her daughters, the Misses Virginia and Edith Schermerhorn, and Mrs. A. W. Ollard was assisting hostess.

At this meeting Mrs. Harry P. Clark, historian of Dixie chapter, formally presented to her associates the silver cup recently won at the U. D. C. national convention held in New York city. It was awarded to the chapter for the largest number of subscriptions to the Southern Magazine published in Virginia, endorsed by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Clark had charge of the subscription list here, and through her enthusiasm and loyal service, Dixie chapter scored above all others in the national contest and won the trophy.

Mrs. Percy Creath Smith is the chapter president; associated with her in office are Mesdames G. R. Kirk, Van R. Schermerhorn, A. W. Ollard, C. P. Gammon, Harry P. Clark and J. R. Moore.

The thirty-ninth Annual Convention of the Georgia Division held in Griffin Ga. October 16—18 was one of the most brilliant and enthusiastic in the history of the Division.

The following resolutions were passed:

A resolution calling for the appointment of a committee of three to co-operate with the United Confederate Veterans, and the Sons of Veterans in urging the legislature to open the Confederate Soldiers Home in Atlanta to widows of Confederate veterans from among the widows now elgible to receive pension.

A resolution calling on the legislature of Georgia to re-enact the 20 per cent cigarette tax in order to provide money with which to meet pension payments to Confederate veterans and widows.

A resolution asking the legislature to appropriate $2,500.00 for the purchase of certain land in Crawfordville and for the refurnishing of Liberty Hall, the old home of Alexander H. Stephens. This place is to be made a shrine, and the Division president suggested that next spring a pilgrimage of Daughters of the Confederacy be made to Liberty Hall on the occasion of the dedication of the Alexander H. Stephens Memorial Park.

MRS. J. SUMTER RHAME
Custodian of Crosses

A resolution calling on the members of the Division to ask their legislators to support a bill to appropriate $2,500.00 for a suitable marker to be placed at Irwinville, where Jefferson Davis president of the Confederate States, was captured.

The next annual convention of the Georgia Division will be held in Savannah, Georgia, where in 1894, Mrs. L. H. Raines organized Charter Chapter, the first chapter in the Georgia Division.

* * * *

Letter To The U. D. C. On Lee And Jackson's Birthdays

The United Daughters of the Confederacy honor and celebrate on the 19th of January, the birthdays of Lee and Jackson, and on that day every Southerner, and that means all of us, who love the South, should feel a thrill of admiration for these two men, probably the finest military genius America ever gave to the world, to stand in stature of greatness with Napoleon, Wellington and the Duke of Marlborough, yet of a different age, and a new era of battle.

Pictures come to us of the valley of the Shenandoah, the meeting of Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson for the last time out in the "Wilderness," for at Chancellorsville "Stonewall" Jackson was shot from his saddle, after a short life of glory on the field of battle, such that few soldiers have ever known in history and story.

Then another scene. Appomattox. That April day, Robert E. Lee, saying goodbye to his men. The ragged army suffering hardships, hunger, crowding about his horse to even touch his bridle and look up into his face with that same love and determination in their eyes, not whipped; just overpowered by destiny and numbers too hard to stand.

Seventy years is a long time. We're now a united country. One flag, one land, but the "Southern Cross" belongs today to the old men who followed that banner now living, and to the thousands gone on bevond the river, where "Stonewall" Jackson and Robert E. Lee are waiting for them to come across. On the banks of a river more peaceful, more beautiful maybe than the Potomac or Rappahannock, where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming, "Resting under the shade of the trees" as "Stonewall" Jackson wanted to do when he was dying, because he was a Christian and felt in his soul the quiet and happiness of another land far better than this. Like Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson was terrible in war, yet so gentle in peace.

Old Fort Sumter today can hear the sound of the Atlantic, feel the warm sunshine about the Bay and Charleston, the city she defended for four long years and never was taken from the sea and never surrendered. What a heritage to have and to hold, and be proud of when we honor the birthday of Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson.

It is the U. D. C. that is keeping southern history true and bright, not forgetting the old Confederate Veterans, living or dead. For so many seem to have forgotten those men who died for you and me, and take little interest in the story of the South, but the women are not forgetting but keeping it straight, for foreign writers and others here, even in America that try at every turn of the wheel to make the new generation think as they do but that will never be, as long as the United Daughters of the Confederacy are guiding the ship that must sail only through the sea of truth; and that truth the world must and will know when reading the history of the Southern Confederacy.

Writers say that the South is changing fast. That may be true in many ways. They often try to make us believe that the old South is only a kind of legend, even the heroes. These old soldiers in gray, are being forgotten, but that cannot be. Like memories, even in dreary winter time, will recall the early spring. We see beyond the dull raw skies the sunlight and the flowers, the wide avenues and the grey moss, the roadways warm and green the yellow jessamine and white cherokee roses everywhere and we know that Spring must come again.

MRS. FRANK DENNIS, Eatonton, Ga.
Third Vice-President General, U. D. C.

The real true things in life will never change. The old South is just as sweet and beautiful now

Continued on page 46

The Confederate Scrap-Book

By MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY

Some time ago an old friend, Mrs. J. B. Powell wrote me from Waco, Texas.

Dear Mrs. Woodbury,

I am delighted with the Southern magazine. I took a years subscription from Miss West, and our chapter subscribed for the Public Library.

I am glad to notice that you have the Scrap Book, in looking through my old scrap book compiled more than sixty years ago, I find the poem which I copied to send to you and am giving you the origin of it. Mississippi is my native state and I knew the author of this poem.

Several years ago while visiting in Aberdeen, the niece of Major Jonas, Miss Julia Jordan (Mrs. McFarland now) told me this story. Soon after the war between the states, a reunion of the Confederate veterans was held at Norfolk, Va. The hotel manager, the host, placed a card and pencil at each plate of his guests, asking that they write their names and address. Major S. A. Jonas, having in his pocket a $500.00 Confederate note, wrote the enclosed poem on its back. It was at once published in the leading papers of the South.

On a beautiful boulevard on the main street of Aberdeen stands an upright marble shaft, having this poem sculptured on it, done by the Daughters of the Confederacy, local chapter, in honor of Major Jonas, Mississippi's most distinguished editor and writer.

This poem has been claimed by several, but Major Jonas is the real author.

Hoping success to the Southern Magazine

Your friend,

Mrs. J. B. Powell

* * * *

A CONFEDERATE NOTE

(Written on the back of a $500.00 note, presented to Miss Anna Musk of Philadelphia by the author, Major S. A. Jonas, Editor, Aberdeen, Miss., Examiner)

* * * *

Representing nothing on God's green earth
And naught in the water below it.
As the pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale this trifle will tell,
Of liberty born of a patriot's dream
Of a storm cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores
And too much of a stranger to borrow—
She issued today her promise to pay
And hoped to redeem on the morrow

The days rolled on, and weeks became years
But our coffers were empty still
Coin was so scarce that the treasurer quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed
And our poverty well we discerned
And this little check represents the pay
That our suffering veterans earned

We knew it had hardly a value in gold
Yet as gold, our soldiers received it
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay
And every patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay
Or bills that were over due
He knew if it brought our bread today—
T'was the best our poor country could do.

Keep it, it tells our history over
From the birth of the brave to the last,
Modest, and born of the last angel, Hope,
Like our hope of success—it passed.

Mrs. Powell's statement that the chapter subscribed for the Southern Magazine, to be placed in the Public Library, is worthy of duplication by all the chapters of the organization. The State Historical societies should also be sent a copy by some interested chapter of each state. Such libraries usually have funds for binding magazines when each years file is complete.

* * * *

Part of the Will of General Beauregard

In a personal letter to Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, Mrs. Chas. C. Ward, a member of the James

Parks Caldwell Chapter of Beverly Hills California, sends this interesting item. "In a court house in California I came across a recorded copy of the will of General P. G. T. Beauregard. In it he states: "I give to the city of Charleston, S. C., if acceptable to it, the sword which was presented to me by some ladies of New Orleans, in 1861, for the capture of Fort Sumpter."

He wrote the will in longhand and it is all so characteristic of a great and good man. Does anyone know anything of this sword? Is it still in South Carolina? or is it lost?

* * * *

Mrs. W. T. Fowler of Lexington, Ky., sends the following, a clipping from a recent issue of the Nashville Banner. The expression 'Lost Cause' is the Banner's, not Mrs. Fowlers nor the Scrap Book.

* * * *

PRAYER BOOK OF A SOLDIER

An interesting reminder of the War between the States has come to notice at Boyce, Va., a Confederate soldier's Prayer book, a relic of the Lost Cause (?) which is so rare that one is said never to have been heard of before in that section of Virginia. In fact, just how general was the publication of Prayerbooks for use by the congregations of the Episcopal churches of the Confederate states is now a question.

A dispatch from Boyce to the Washington Post tells of the soldiers prayer book being brought to light during the war. It was the property of Sergent DeKalb Pipher, who was killed near the close of the war, his life blood discoloring the front of the little volume.

The frontispiece of the book records: A Confederate soldiers Prayer Book, a Manual of Devotion compiled mainly from the book of Common Prayer and arranged for public and private worship in camps and hospitals by the Rev. Joseph W. Murphy Chaplain Thirty second Regiment, N. C. T., and published by St. Paul's Congregation, Petersburg, Va." Included in the book, described as 2 by 4 inches in size, are prayers for peace, and for the safety of the wives, children, fathers and mothers, and other loved ones of the soldiers. The complete service for worship is contained in the little volume, which was found it appears, in the blood stained tunic of the soldier following his death. It has been preserved in his family.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Kentucky Division, United Daughters of Confederacy presents the name of Mrs. John L. Woodbury for office of President-General of the United Daughters of Confederacy, at election of officers which will take place at Hot Springs, Arkansas, November 1935. Mrs. Woodbury has been Historian-General, Division President and for several years Chairman of the important work, Jefferson Davis Highway.

* * * *

The Virginia Division United Daughters of Confederacy, present the name of Mrs. Charles E. Bolling of Richmond, Virginia for the office of First Vice President-General, United Daughters of Confederacy at election of officers which will take place in Hot Springs, Arkansas, November 1935. Mrs. Bolling has served as President of Virginia Division, Member of Board of Directors of the Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund. Member Lee-Stratford Memorial Committee. Chairman of Committee to Complete Sale of Correctly Designed Battle Flag of the Confederacy.

NOTICE

"The Virginia History Committee" is offering to the readers of The Southern Magazine, mimeographed copies of a valuable article, on Lee, originally published in the "Southern Churchman," under the caption—"Putting First Things First", which, among other things, contains remarkable tributes to the Statesmanship of Lee, by three well-known New Englanders: Gamaliel Bradford, General Morr's Schaff and Dr. A. W. Littlefield. 4 cents will secure one copy of this article, and 10 cents will secure three copies of it. Address Mary D. Carter, Virginia History Committee, Upperville, Virginia.

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THE POETRY PAGE

Due to the repeated requests for a Poetry Page in the Southern Magazine during the past year, Mrs. Grace Dupree Ridings of Sherman, Texas, Poet Laureate of the Texas Division, volunteered to edit a section entitled "Poets and Poetry of the

Continued on page 41

BOOK REVIEWS

"US"—Kate Mayhew Speake Penney's latest book. An Historical Novel of the Spanish American War, and the Fight of that dreadful scourge Yellow Fever.

"U. S. means us", said the famous veteran of the Confederacy, General Joseph Wheeler, when he volunteered for the Spanish-American war. When Dr. William Crawford Gorgas enlisted in the fight to free the world from yellow fever he thought that "us" meant all humanity.

The historical novel "Us" is built around the Spanish-American War and the fight against yellow fever.

Dr. and Mrs. Gorgas, General Wheeler and his daughter Annie, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and Miss Clara Barton figure prominently in the pages.

The story begins in Alamis, an imaginary town on the border of Alabama and Mississippi. The The heroine, Marion Kennyon, is at school in Huntsville, Alabama, when she hears that yellow fever has broken out in Alamis, her home town. She runs away from school to assist her family.

Harrowing scenes of the epidemic follow. Her brother, Rob, dies, and her mother, Julia Kenyon, desperately ill.

Dr. Donald Falconer, a young doctor from New Orleans, is a tower of strength to the stricken family during the epidemic and the two young people fall in love.

Falconer feels called to devote his life to the extermination of yellow fever. Mrs. Kenyon, obsessed by fear of the fever exacts a promise from Marion that she will never marry without her consent. So the love affair is at a deadlock.

Falconer goes to Cuba and associates himself with the Yellow Fever Commission, Dr. Gorgas, Dr. Reed and others.

Marion Kenyon, her mother, her grandfather, Mr. Barker, sell their Southern home and join Marion's uncle, Richard Baker, who has recently been elected to Congress from Texas, in Washington.

Many incidents of the Cleveland and McKinley administrations follow.

Marion's family and friends are anxious to break off her engagement to Falconer. She is a Washington debutante and many rivals appear.

Then the Spanish-American War begins. The Kenyons have been intimately associated with General Wheeler's family for years. Annie Wheeler joins her father in Cuba and is put in charge of a hospital. Marion is also anxious to go but it seems impossible.

Dr. Falconer agrees with Gorgas and Reed that yellow fever will be more deadly to American men than Spanish bullets. To test Dr. Finlay's theory that mosquitoes carry the infection, he has decided to subject himself to the bites of the deadly insects which the doctors have selected.

He writes Marion of his decision and she is frantic at his danger. Letters from Annie Wheeler also inspire her to follow her heroic example and go to Cuba as a nurse. Many hindrances occur. Finally she pretends to be another daughter of General Wheeler and asserts that she is going to Cuba to join her father and sister Annie.

The fraud is discovered on board the transport by a private soldier, who is a tenant on General Wheeler's Alabama plantation.

He thinks she is a Spanish spy and threatens her. Theodore Roosevelt rescues her.

In Cuba, the main characters, both historical and fictitious meet.

Trying to assist at the hospital Marion is badly burned. Convalesces at the Georgas home. Many incidents of the war.

Historical details extremely accurate".—Colonel Joseph Wheeler

"The discovery of the cause and cure of yellow fever is as necessary in this novel as the cure of Leprosy in Ben Hur".—Birmingham Age-Herald

"This wonderful book should be in the public schools of the Nation and especially in the South since it is rich with the history of this Nation at a time about which so little has been written".—Judge Leon McLord, National Commander of Veterans of Spanish American War

"This novel might be described as 'sugar-coated history' for an entrancing love story runs like a thread of gold through the historical happenings" —Birmingham News

"Mrs. Penney is one of the National Vice-Presidents of the League of American Pen Women and this novel places her in the front rank among the novelists of that organization".—Pittsburgh Observer

"Personal reminiscences add to the fascination of this book".—The Step Ladder

"MY POETRY BOOK," By Grace Thompson Huffard and Laura Mae Carlisle in collaboration with Helen Ferris. Philadelphia: John C. Winston. 528 pp. $2.50.

One of the interesting publications released recently was "My Poetry Book," an anthology of modern verse for boys and girls selected and arranged by Mrs. Laura Mae Carlisle, of 1905 N. Fountain Blvd. Springfield, Ohio, and Mrs. Grace Thompson Huffard, of Indianapolis, Ind., in collaboration with Miss Helen Ferris.

Clever illustrations by Willy Pogany, America's most poetic of artists for children, furnishes an appropriate setting for this collection of the world's best poetry for children.

Among the unique features of "My Poetry Book" is the fact that it contains a larger proportion of copyright poems than any other anthology; that it is comprised of complete poems, rather than mere selections, and many "hard-to-find" poems; and contains a glossary of unusual and difficult words.

Booth Tarkington in his interesting foreword to the book says, "Mrs. Huffard's and Mrs. Carlisle's poetry book offers to boys and girls the rich fun of making poetry part of themselves—an experience that we usually miss forever unless we have been fortunate enough to have it first when we are young. Mrs. Huffard, Mrs. Carlisle and Miss Ferris have shown, too, that they understand what poems mothers, fathers and teachers wish for their children and what poems children wish for themselves, and what poems mothers and fathers, teachers and boys and girls ought to wish for themselves and for one another."

"My Poetry Book" has been selected as the November book of the Junior Literary Guild.

Mrs. Carlisle, wife of E. A. Carlisle, sales manager of The Springfield Mettallic Casket Co., was born in Wytheville, Va. Her appreciation for poetry she inherited from her mother, Elizabeth Buchanan Huffard. After attending the Wytheville High School she attended Emory and Henry College and the University of Virginia. Following her marriage, she and Mr. Carlisle established their residence in Springfield, where she has been identified with church, club and social activities for many years.

Bound in blue cloth and gold stamped, containing eight full pages of color plates and 31 pen drawings, the book offers to children from the age of "two to twenty" a rare treat both to the eye and the intellect.

To make "My Poetry Book" even more enjoyable for children the poems are arranged in sixteen departments, according to natural child activities as "At Our House, Time To Play, Time To Go To Bed My Animals, Holiday Time, Alone By Myself, Going Places," and so on, a book which should be in every school.

A CORRECTION

In December issue under the New York Convention Report in Memorial section occured the name of Mrs. Miriam R. Green which was a mistake. Mrs. Green read the Memorial to Mrs. L. U. Babin of Louisiana and so it should have been stated.

MEMORIAL

Mrs. Annie Deupree, widow of Capt. J. E. Deupree, died at her home in Ravenna, Texas at 4 P. M. Saturday, December 29. Funeral services were conducted at the Methodist church in Ravenna at 3:30 P. M. Sunday, The Rev. G. E. Perdue officiating. Burial was in Bonham at Willow Wild cemetery.

Members of the family surviving her are Mrs. T. P. Stimpson of Chattanooga, Okla.; Mrs. A. L. Ridings, Sherman; Mrs. H. P. McGrady, Abilene, and J. E. Deupree of Hugo, Okla. four sons, Felex E. Deupree, now of Sherman; Frank Deupree of Docsonville; Bryan Deupree of Ravenna and Milton Deupree of Kilgore.

Official Announcements

Continued from page 39

Southland" which will now appear each month in the Southern Magazine. Poets are invited to send to the Editor poems to be published on this page. Sonnets, lyrics, ballads, epics will be used to make this department a delightfully interesting feature. Outstanding Southern Poets will occasionally be written up for the Southern Personality Page when featuring some particular Division or State.

In order that this page may prove of real interest to the writers making contributions to the new department this year, Mrs. Ridings is offering a Poetry Prize of $10.00 for the best poem of the year, to be judged by a committee which has been selected by her. Also for the best monthly poem, a book will be given as a prize after each issue to the writer of the best published poem. Original effort is desired but reprints will be accepted if judged of sufficient merit. Mrs. Ridings request is, that every one assist in making this page outstanding in the field of literature."

Address all communications regarding this Department to Mrs. Grace Dupree (A. L.) Ridings, 315 Belden Ave., Sherman, Texas.

Romance of an Old Home

Continued from page 19

ern breezes and the plants glowed like gems set in an emerald world, word came that our Master was returning from a visit and bringing with him a new Mistress. Ah, such scrubbing and baking, such clipping of the hedges and shrubs, we had not seen in many a day. I gathered, from the conversations going on round me, that the new Mistress came from Shirley House, an old rival of mine on the James. Her name was Mistress Anne Hill Carter and she was a great, great, grand-daughter of that gallant Governor Spotswood. We loved her from the moment she stepped from the carriage assisted by my Master.

She took us all in, in a glance—nothing escaped her: the black servants bowing low at the carriage step; the wide-flung front door; the cook standing in front of the kitchen door from which came perfumes of roasting fowl and baking pastry; the popular trees; the sundial; the faces of the little negroes from the quarters peeping from behind the hedges; and when she lifted her beautiful face to me I sent her a kiss by a gentle breeze that wafted past. She caught it, I know, for I saw her lift her hand to her face, just where the breeze had rested. and with the other hand still in the Master's she said in a full sweet voice,

"Colonel Lee, I love it already!"

Although the duties of my Master caused him to be much at Richmond and the National Capital, and once, at the President's command, to march with his regiment to quell an insurrection in a northern state, he came to us for peace and quiet.

Once the great President Washington and his lady dined with us; and my lady praised our ancient and dainty linen. They were so kind and gracious that, when the news of the President's death reached us, my Mistress wept. And when she read aloud to the young lads the message from my Master, they stood at attention, and repeated after her words from it—my master's words:

"First in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

I, too, stood at attention.

Time passed. My Mistress Anne filled, indeed the place of mistress, wife and mother. Under her tender care our gardens blossomed as never before. She planted the horse chestnut that has grown and flourished. I like nothing better than to watch her directing the pruning and clipping of vines and hedges and caring for her children so tenderly and devotedly.

Nothing out of the usual happened for so long that I had begun to think of settling down and to cease pondering on that mysterious something that had at times possessed me, when, on a cold, blustering day in January, my Mistress fell ill, and the old haunting expectancy came back to me—I stood on tiptoes again. My Mistress was very ill. Was she too going to leave us? The doctor remained within our home for several days; the relatives drove up in carriages, or on horseback to inquire. I implored our guardian angel, the one on the nursery fireplace, to keep a constant vigilance.

Then suddenly above the wild wind, I heard an infant's cry, and I knew that another one had been born to us. I knew, too, that I was again filled with the desire to shout from my housetop to the elements about me, to Virginia, to the world. But something held me back. Three days thence my Mistress called in a sweet, weak vioce,

"Please, Colonel Lee," she had never learned to call him General, "bring the Bible that I may record our son's birth."

My Master went to fetch the Good Book, and my Mistress was propped up among the downy pillows; and with the quill, brought by one of the young lads, suspended in her hand, she said,

"Dear husband, I am choosing a name which I trust will be pleasing to you? He was my girlhood ideal, and I have always liked to feel that the name Robert in our family has come down from this great Scottish chief—so my dears,—" And her smiling eyes turned from my Master, and rested for a brief second on each of the young faces at her bedside, then fell to the page in the Bible, and she wrote clearly without hesitation:

Robert Edward Lee, son of Henry Lee and Anne Hill Carter Lee, born January 19th, 1807.

Then it was that I could contain myself no longer, I gave a great shout. My Mistress turned her head from the writing to inquire, "Did I hear someone call?" And my Master, at her side replied, "I thought I heard someone, but perhaps it was just the wind in the poplar."

Main Street of the South

Continued from page 27

Mr. Rich presented Littleton Upshur, who on behalf of the Board, and the people of the city and the county accepted the chimes and clock.

Mr. Upshur eulogized the life and services of Dr. Henderson, paying tribute to his work in behalf of the community: the reverence in which the entire community holds his memory; and the love with which he was regarded during his long years of service to its people.

U. D. C. Historical Dept.

Continued from page 32

3. Only unpublished essays may be submitted, winners not trying for same subject again.

4. Essays by members of U. D. C. must be sent by September 15 to Historian General, Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, 238 Georgia Avenue, Macon, Ga.

5. Please note that the last essay, on Lee, is offered only to College Students. They are allowed to compete in the list open to anyone in any section.

* * * *

OTHER GENERAL PRIZES FOR DIVISIONS AND CHAPTERS

THE BLOUNT MEMORIAL CUP.—To the Division bestowing the largest number of Crosses of Military Service during the year.

THE McIVER ROUNTREE TROPHY—To the Chapter bestowing the greatest number of Crosses of Military Service during the year. Offered by Mrs. J. L. Rountree.

THE HEMPHILL-QUINBY LOVING CUP.—Offered by Mrs. L. B. T. Quinby of Georgia to the Division President reporting the greatest amount of work accomplished by that Division for Confederate Veteran during the year.

FREDERICK TROPHY.—To the Division President giving the most concise, constructive and comprehensive report on Presidents' Evening at the General Convention. Offered by Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, in memory of her father, a Confederate soldier, and her brother, a World War Soldier.

THE ECKHART LOVING CUP—To the President of the Division, with less that 2,000 members, who makes the most concise, constructive and comprehensive report at the General Convention. Offered by Mrs. H. W. Eckhart, of Louisiana.

BABIN PRIZE—To the Chapter of a Division giving the most concise, constructive and comprehensive report at the General Convention. Offered by Mrs. L. G. Babin in memory of her father O. A. Bullion, Co. B, 7th La. Inf., Army of Northern Virginia.

Matthew Fontaine Murray

Continued from page 11

ored abroad than at home. Even before the War between the States he was treated very shabbily by the Navy Department, which placed him on the "reserved on leave of absence pay" list reducing his salary from $3500 to $1200 a year. This was in 1855, at the very time when his name was being acclaimed by the scientists and many rulers of foreign countries. This wrong was righted by Congressional action; but the treatment caused Maury to suffer keen mental anxiety and placed him for a time in an extremely humiliating position. Previous to this he had been honored by the bestowal of the A. M. degree from the University of North Carolina and the LL.D. degree from Columbia University; while a group of merchants and underwriters of New York City had presented him a purse of $5000 in recognition of what he had done for the commerce of that great seaport. But it has been only within very recent years that he has been honored in his own country as he deserved to be, with the unveiling in Richmond on November 12, 1929 of the beautiful and impressive Maury Monument by the Sculptor F. William Sievers; with his election to the Hall of Fame in 1930 and the unveiling of his bust, also by Sievers, there on May 14 of the following year. Of the many other honors accorded him in comparatively recent years the most significant is that bestowed by the Navy Department which places at the top of all charts issued by the Hydrographic Office the following words: "Founded upon the researches made and the data collected by Lieutenant M. F. Maury, U. S. Navy". Though he received remarkable recognition abroad as an international figure the full measure of honor which has at last been accorded him by his own people would please Maury most if he were still alive. Evidence of this appears in the following which he wrote after resolutions, favoring his restoration to the active service list had been passed by the legislatures of Tennessee, Louisiana, Alabama, Maryland, New Jersey, Virginia and New York: "These resolutions uttered by a great state in the manner of a free people, possess a charm, lacking in these honors which in the shape of medals, orders of knighthood, crosses, and decorations, have been conferred by the hands of strangers". So while we acclaim Maury as an international figure, let us not forget that he loved his own native land above all others and was always happiest when among his own people.

The Lees of Virginia

Continued from page 13

two small children, Lucy and Henry. General Lee built a great vault at Stratford and buried her there. Gloom had again fallen on the Home House.

The year following Matilda's death, Henry Lee

was elected Governor of Virginia and during this period, he was called in the field by Washington to assist in quelling the Whiskey Insurrection in western Pennsylvania which was done without the loss of a single life.

His next office was that of U. S. Representative from Virginia. He was in Congress when Washington died and to him each member turned as the one person to conduct the Memorial hour in commemoration of the President. It was at this time that his words which have come down the years were spoke—"First in war; First in Peace and First in the hearts of his countrymen"!

The years passed by and in spite of his incessant labors, drearly enough for Henry Lee. But happiness was again to be his and he found it at Shirley on the James when he met Anne Hill Carter, one of the gracious and lovely women of the day. They planned to marry and leave for France to reside, but Anne's father objected and so Stratford Hall again knew a bride and the country side again gathered there for festivities of the times.

It was to this union that the great leader of the South, Robert Edward Lee was born January 19th. 1807, a gift of a new year and a new Era.

America prizes Stratford Hall today for what it gave to the nation in bravery, chivalry, achievement, and purpose but Virginians love the Home House for it gave to the South Robert Lee, the man we remember and revere "not a man who loved war, but as a man moved by all the high impulses of gentle kindness, a man whom men did not fear, but loved·····"

Origin of Plan to Restore Stratford

Continued from page 22

dustries of the colonial plantation revived so that Stratford would become in every sense a living Shrine and not a dead museum. To these fancies and dreams, such response was given by Mrs. Lanier and such interest manifested by members of the Chapter, I felt certain that the little fleet of ships would wing their way beyond all storms to a safe haven.

How near they came to shipwreck!

It would take a volume to narrate the series of dramatic episodes that followed. Some day we will tell the story in its full detail. Mrs. Lanier stood practically alone at the Houston Convention, bearing the idea which I believe had then become as much a part of her life as her feeling for General Lee, each being so bound in the other. Clouds obscured the horizon. As the Convention days went by there seemed no way to make the vision plain. The option to purchase Stratford would expire at the close of the Convention. No move could then be taken that would save the situation. The final hour came. No action or chance for action! The Convention adjourned and the cause seemed lost. It was late at night in the lobby of the hotel. Delegates had gone—a few general officers remained. Quite by chance Mrs. Lanier learned that a Chapter could act on its own initiative, do whatever it elected, provided it did not involve the general organization.

There was not another moment of delay. Mrs. Lanier telegraphed to the owner and the Real Estate sales agent for Stratford and took up the option in the name of her Chapter. On her journey east she stopped in Knoxville, Tennessee to see her friend, Mrs. Van Deventer and to learn of the ways and means by which Mount Vernon carried on. Telegrams and long distance calls awaited her there—for the news was out. She made arrangements to see the Real Estate agent, H. L. Lewis, on her way back east when her train stopped for a brief space at midnight in the Union Station of Washington D. C. When that moment came and Mr. Lewis stepped aboard the muffled train, the only light was in the unmade section where Mrs. Lanier was waiting to sign the contract to buy Stratford for $200,000. She did not hesitate. Reading the contract, she hurriedly signed it, drawing her personal check for the necessary payment to seal the transaction, and went on her way rejoicing.

FOOTNOTE

Colonel George A. Armes, United States Army, grew up in Fairfax County, Virginia. His family were from Deerfield, Massachusetts, but came south to live in the 1850's They purchased a farm adjoining Ravensworth, the home of Mrs. William Henry Fitzhugh, aunt of Mrs. Robert E. Lee. This was also the home of the Lees for several generations. George Armes' playmate and life long friend was Dan Lee, nephew of General Lee, who, with his brother Fitzhugh Lee lived more frequently at Ravensworth than in Alexandria.

When the War Between the States broke out George A. Armes was sixteen years old. He went into the Federal army. His brother William Edward Armes, joined the Confederate forces. Shortly after the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox, George Armes, twenty years old, recently made a Captain, was passing through Richmond. He and Dan Lee met again. Dan Lee took him to call on General Lee. The great Confederate leader treated young Captain Armes as if he were one of the boys of his own Army. At the close of the visit he autographed one

of his larger pictures in full uniform and gave it, with his warmest greetings, to the boy Captain of the Federal ranks. Colonel Armes treasured this picture throughout his entire life. In later years he conceived the plan for the government to acquire the battlefields of Virginia and convert them into national parks. He was instrumental in having the first bills for this purpose drawn up and presented to Congress. He bought personally the Appomattox Battlefield with the idea of having it made into a vast park; held this property for many years and worked on the plan until shortly before his death in 1919.

Colonel Armes married Miss Lucy Hamilton Kerr of the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Her father Hon. John Bozman Kerr, U. S. Representative from Maryland, although a member of a family identified with the South for nine generations, took the side of the Union during the War Between the States and used his influence to prevent the secession of Maryland. His father, U. S. Senator John Leeds Kerr, married Miss Mary Elizabeth Goldsborough (his second wife) sister of Mrs. Fitzhugh of Ravensworth. Members of the Kerr family accordingly were guests there, with the Lees, during a part of every year during Mrs. Fitzhugh's lifetime. John Leeds Bozman, the first historian of Maryland, was an uncle of Senator Kerr.

General Lee's Letter to Lord Acton

Continued from page 23

the union itself. The legitimate consequence then must be the perfect equality of rights of all the states; the exclusive right of each to regulate its internal affairs under rules established by the constitution, and the right of each state to prescribe for itself the qualifications of sufferage. The South has contended only for the supremacy of the constitution, and the just administration of the laws made in pursuance of it. Virginia to the last made great efforts to save the union, and urged harmony and compromise. Senator Douglas, in his remarks upon the compromise bill recommended by the committee of thirteen in 1861, stated that every member from the South, including Messrs. Toombs and Davis, expressed their willingness to accept the proposition of Senator Crittenden from Kentucky, as a final settlement of the controversy, if sustained by the Republican party, and the only difficulty in the way of an amicable adjustment was with the Republican party. Who then is responsible for the war? Although the South would have preferred any honorable compromise to the fratricidal war which has taken place, she now accepts in good faith its constitutional results, and receives without reserve the amendment which has already been made to the constitution for the extinction of slavery. That is an event that has been long sought, though in a different way, and by none has it been more earnestly desired than by the citizens of Virginia. In other respects I trust that the constitution may undergo no change, but that it be handed down to succeeding generations in the form we received it from our forefathers. The desire I feel that the Southern states should possess the good opinion of one whom I esteem as highly as yourself, has caused me to extend my remarks further than I intended, and I fear that it has led me to exhaust your patience. If what I have said should serve to give you any information as regards American politics, and enable you to enlighten public opinion as to the true interest of this distracted country, I hope you will pardon its prolixity.

In regard to your inquiry as to my being engaged in preparing a narrative of the campaign in Virginia, I regret to state that I progress slowly in the collection of the necessary documents for its completion. I particularly feel the loss of the offical returns showing the small numbers with which the battles were fought. I have not seen the work of the Prussian officer you mention and therefore cannot speak of his accuracy in this respect—with sentiments of great respect, I remain your obt. Servant,

R. E. Lee."

The Man in Gray

Continued from page 6

and discipline, and her patriotic subordination to civil authority—and that, too, under events and circumstances to the last degree unfavorable, and to an extent which would have been pronounced incredible and impossible if foretold; her patriotism of her chiefs and her people, unalloyed by interest, unmoved by temptation, untarnished by prosperity, unterrified and unshaken by adversity,—these—these are the constituent elements—these are the features and the traits which characterized a defense," these are the very qualities of a South that fought against the hurt of time and circumstances, against oppression for Liberty—against bigotry for Rights—the rights of the individual and of the State,—these are the constituent qualities which fought shame and "scorned death" in the face.

* * * *

Article taken from "Lee, the Soul of Honor"—Courtesy author, John E. Hobeika.

LEE

Continued from page 8

Louis Marshall, younger brother of the great chief-justice, became resident of Washington College. I am not permitted here to comment upon the extraordinary educational career of this father-in-law of Lee's sister. Louis Marshall was in some respects a pioneer of higher learning for the American 19th century. His innovations anticipated some of the most conspicuaus developments which other institutions have attempted within our own period.

The point of emphasis in the present connection is the fact that Lee must have drawn from the members of his personal circle a kind of intimate feeling for Washington College which gave him a preparatory sense of being at home with it.

It must always be remembered that Lexington, then but a village and not much more now, represented for Lee an uncommon number of friends.

John Letcher, Virginia's war governor, who called Robert E. Lee into the service of his state as chief of her armed forces, was a Lexingtonian. He seconded the invitation that went out from the Trustees of Washington College and proved a staunch friend to the new president. One of the General Francis H. Smith, superintendent of the three members of the Governor's advisory council on military affairs was another Lexingtonian, Virginia Military Institute, to become Lee's dear friend as well as fellow administrator. Curiously enough, another member of this council, Commodore Matthew F. Maury, later moved to Lexington, also an educator, joining General Smith at the Institute.

As rector of the Episcopal church, with which Lee was to become identified, there lived in Lexington the former chief of artillery of his army, General W. N. Pendleton. As pastor of the Baptist church, there was one of Lee's most greatly beloved chaplains, Dr. John William Jones.

Most conspicuous of all personal ties that drew Lee to Lexington was the fact that here was the town that previously had been the home, and was then the last resting place, of his greatest lieutenant, Stonewall Jackson. This linking of their careers was emphasized by the fact that shortly after coming to Lexington, Lee moved into the very house in which Jackson had resided for four years —for the Institute professor lived at one time with his father-in-law, Lee's predecessor, President Junkin of Washington College. The town was full of memories of "Lee's right arm." When Lee. in the mystic moods no man can interpret, walked to the little cemetery in the heart of town, he could look upon the two great mountain ranges, east and west, images of Virginia's security, and then could contemplate the grave of his friend, Virginia's son, who had died in her behalf.

And these two immense personages, who touched influentially huge currents of history, had brooded over problems as vast as men's mind had then attempted, had entered into the exaltations of destiny, came finally to ultimate peace in the serenity of this village.

"They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.—Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they are not divided."

It is not pertinent to this topic, nor is it permitted within the compass of this brief space, to attempt to evaluate the fruitage of that decision which Robert E. Lee made in the barren August of 1865. I shall not attempt to suggest the qualities of heart and mind and energy of personality which he brought to his task. I shall not attempt even a summary of the processes by which he fortified instruction, expanded curriculum in terms of the immediate needs of the South which he loved, enlarged the reach of the college into the ambition of youth, enlisted in behalf of the college a circle of friends that constitutes a roll of fame for any institution: McCormick and Peabody and Corcoran and Scott and Newcomb and Mercer and all the others.

It must be sufficient to say that not alone as a tribute to a dearly loved chieftain, but also as a summation of the history of this institution, the Trustees changed the formal title to Washington and Lee University.

My point of emphasis here is that fact that when Lee made his resolution to dedicate his life to this institution he did not gamble upon his capacity as educator, for he already proved that quality to his own satisfaction; nor did he gamble upon his loyalty to this particular institution or his happiness in this particular enviroment, for in these respects, too, he had assurance.

This decision, like all of his decisions, came as a result of clear thinking directed by the compulsion of high obligations; but this decision was protected and justified by factors of the human equation to which his warm heart always responded.

With The Divisions

Continued from page 37

as she was in the olden days. Her heroes then are our heroes yet and by the sea and in mountains, Dixie is still Dixie to those who love her.

John Grimball Wilkins
Charleston, South Carolina

Message of Pres.-General

Continued from page 28

ure. She becomes the official custodian of medals, pins and official ribbons. These will be ordered thru Mrs. Marcus W. Crocker, first vice-president general. 1047 Bryden Road, Columbus, Ohio. and she asks that you note the advance in price of a No. 3 pins formerly $4.00, now $6.00. Mrs. Crocker will fill your order promptly and will appreciate your co-operation.

* * * *

Several new committees have been created These will be mentioned in future messages. The work of the following committes have been completed.

1st, committee to complete the sale of correctly designed battle flag of the Confederacy.

2nd, committee to secure phonograph record of the Rebel Yell. Although misdirected letter caused the record to be delayed and not presented in New York on the program, it has been received by the President General and proper letters of thanks have been sent to the donors.

The committee to recommend a permanent location for the business office named St. Louis. The committee under whose direction this work will be carried on remains the same with the addition of another member—Mrs. Robt. Mitchell, 4379 Westminister Place, St. Louis, Mo. Mrs. Rosemary F. Williams, whose work has been so satisfactory during the past year remains office manager and the address is still 5330 Pershing Avenue.

* * * *

In closing this message I am issuing an S. O. S. Copies of the annual minutes of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for the year 1905 to 1922 inclusive are needed. These are for a file to be placed in the New Administration building under United States Department of Interior at Shiloh National Military Park, Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee. The request for this file came from Mr. Randal Bond Truett, Historical Assistant, and I have advised that I will make the effort to place this file before the convention of 1935. Please send books to me and they will be presented thru the President General for the U. D. C. from individuals chapters or divisions to which full credit will be given. Mrs. W. C. N. Merchants has kindly offered to present the minutes of the first ten years 1894 to 1904 and those of 1923 to 1933 can be secured from the custodian of old minutes who advises that there are none available in her files for the years mentioned above. This request is an urgent and important one. Please heed it.

Faithfully yours,

Annie G. Massey

"The Lady With a Lamp"

Continued from page 25

States, and regrets sometimes, that we have many states' laws, cluttering and, multiplying our perplexities.—"Parliamentary usage" shows such a comprehensive mental grasp of the subject without being all cluttered up with technicalities—Because Mrs. Fox sees life whole, beauty and dignity and meaning are given to her life.

Emma Augusta Fox was born in Bighampton, New York the daughter of Allen Goff and Caroline (Scott) Stowell. She is of Revolutionary ancestry. The first of her family came to America in 1624 she was educated in public and private schools. While teaching in Cambridge, Massachusetts she met Charles Edgar Fox of Cambridge, and later on, as a teacher in Chicago, they were married and came to Detroit to live—two sons were born to them, Maurice Winslow and Howard Stowell. Mr. Fox died in 1918, Mrs. Fox is now the grandmother of seven grand children, in whom her interest is not lessened by her wide affiliation.

She was recording secretary and second vice-president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, treasurer and president of the board of trustees of the Woman's Hospital, Detroit; member of the Board of Education, Detroit, for two years, serving with the father of Walter Pitkin; a member of the executive committee of the National Council of women of the United States, 1925-27; she is honorary vice-president of the General Federation of Women's clubs since 1920; member of the National Woman's Party; a Congregationalist, member of the Daughters of the American Revolution; The Michigan Authors Association; The League of Women Voters; Historic Memorials Society; Detroit Historical Society; Detroit Mueseum of Art Founders Society; Kenmore Association; Stowell Family Association; a founder and ex-president of the Detroit Twentieth Century Club, Woman's City Club; Colony Club; Detroit Garden Club and the author of "Parliamentary Usage", 1902, second edition 1914.

Mrs. Fox does not count the years nor the hours of her life, she is too busy living them, Among her treasured possessions is this quatrain in the own handwriting of Edwin Markham—"To Emma"

Your finished labor is your only crown,
No foolish furlough ask,
The weight of the Universe is pressing down
To hold you to your task.

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It has remained for a Syrian lad, through a Boston Book concern .....to practically deify Robert E. Lee and to present him as the super man, the most perfect character of all that has been seen in the world since the founder of Christianity.—The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

Mr. Hobeika ..... kneels at the shrine of Lee, and sheds the beauty and brightness and richness of his Oriental genius on the life, career and character of the great commander of the Army of Northern Virginia and the Christian president of Washington College.

The florid and picturesque style of the Orientalist gives an additional charm and attraction to his book. There echoes through his exaltation a song of gladness for the opportunity of expressing in his volume—"Lee, the Soul of Honor"—a tribute to the Virginian, who was the highest illustration of the ideals of heroism and chivalry, and the greatness, pathos and grandeur whose life form so glorious a part of the splendor of American character.

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Beginning with Franklin Buchanan's birth in Baltimore in 1800, the biographer sketches the historical setting of the times, as he unfolds his protagonist's eventful life—the United States an agressive little nation of sixteen states, extending its commercial connections across the world, providing an important factor in the making of history.

We read of Baltimore, Philadelphia and Annapolis as busy maritime cities, with frequent interesting allusions to Norfolk, the Eastern Shore and New York. Then comes the upheaval of the Civil War and the travail of the reconstruction period.

We are carried breathlessly on through the exciting pages covering the War with Tripoli, the Mexican War, the famous naval expedition to Japan, the battle between the Merrimac (the Virginia) and the Monitor, through fire in Mobile Bay. We come in contact with such famous men as Oliver Hazard Perry, Charles Stewart, Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry and David Glasgow Farragut.

Enthralled, we sail the Seven Seas with Buchanan—from Norfolk to Tripoli and the blue Mediterranean—from Puerto Rico and the Caribbean to Canton and the Far East— from Baltimore to the Greek Islands, Malaga, Algiers and back to southern Maryland. We board English vessels, pursue pirates, dine with kings, triumph at Vera Cruz, suffer Buchanan's crushing defeat in Mobile Bay and return finally to peace and rest in Talbot County, Maryland.

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